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Staccato.

BIRMINGHAM is not to have M. Gounod after all. The eminent composer has not ceased to wonder at the extraordinary freaks of English law.

HE is not singular in this. The verdict which prevents him crossing the Channel surprised many who have much better reason to know the law, or rather the absence of law.

AFTER some debate and a little acrimony, the composition of the Birmingham orchestra seems to have been settled. Herr Richter is on his mettle, and the new works will have a thorough rehearsing. His practice under Wagner must have accustomed him to the disentangling of tolerably complex parts.

THE arrangements for the "National Eisteddfod," to be held at Aberdare on 25th August and three following days, are in a forward state, and great musical activity prevails throughout the Principality.

MR MACKENZIE has been busy examining candidates for admission to the new choir which is being formed under Messrs Novello's oratorio concert scheme. Rehearsals begin in September, so that an appearance before the public early next season may be looked for.

THE Chester Festival, which has just concluded, seems to have been a festival in the best sense—that of enjoyment of great music, and not a mere scene of strife over new works imperfectly rendered.

IF little musical value can be conceded to the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, it has at least benefited a Society standing in the closest relation to the master; and the result has been enhanced by Mr Molyneux' generous donation of one hundred guineas.

THE laying of the foundation stone of the new buildings of the Guildhall School of Music was not the least significant musical event of the month. An institution which registers a population of 2710 can claim to occupy a more important place in the nation than many of its towns.

ALL musicians will wish it a successful removal to the new site on the Victoria Embankment. The acoustic arrangements of the proposed buildings seem all but perfect, though it is scarcely possible to say as much for the architectural scheme. Wordsworth's line—"Boldly say, a wilderness of building," seems to apply to it. "Doric fundament, Ionic superstructure, and emblematic de-

corations, gracefully combining into an academic Italian whole," is the brief summary of a design which is not very attractive on paper.

DR STAINER has been recently deprecating in very earnest language the sharp criticism which English artists are in the habit of indulging with respect to each other's work and reputation. The practice is not peculiar to musicians, though they are certainly apt to be more intolerant of the achievements of their brethren in the craft than literary men are. The suggestion might be hazarded that they should relieve their pent-up feelings by musical means. The *motif* for brasses in the "Flying Dutchman" might do to begin with.

IT is perhaps a pity that the dispute as to the right of producing the "Mikado" in America cannot be settled Japanese-wise. The authors seem to have been too subtle in their arrangements for protection, and the enterprising American manager threatens to break through. The sword of the law is to be raised, but how much more effective, not to say inexpensive, would be that of Mr Gilbert's "Executioner!"

A LETTER of Mr D'Oyley Carte to an American manager, who declined to buy the "Mikado," treating it as an unsafe property, and who yet avows his intention of producing the opera, is a very pretty example of the familiar and abusive in epistolary style. He should have got Mr Gilbert to versify the argument. Every American manager would then have been eager to hear it.

ONE thing is tolerably certain. If the "Mikado" be common property in America, the harvest will not be at the reaping of one manager, and the unlucky individual who has to defend his action at law will realise that the music which best meets his case is not a comic opera but a dirge, with a "willow waly" refrain.

THE Patti testimonial of an address, a bracelet, and a brass band, to celebrate the conclusion of her twenty-fifth consecutive season at the Royal Italian Opera, is said by a contemporary to be "the last leaf added to her already abundant laurels." If there are many leaves of this nature, all that can be said is, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

A GREAT gathering of German musical societies took place in Brooklyn last month, and the whole air of the city for a time seems to have been vocal. The two thousand male voices rolling forth Franz Abt's setting of "Das Deutsche Lied" excited a tremendous enthusiasm. German love of the Fatherland, though apparently accompanied with the belief that "nothing becomes it like the leaving of it," has certainly not "goned away mit der lager beer."

BROOKLYN was abandoned to joy and feasting. Strangers were strangers no longer. On Sunday there was a pleasant family party—a picnic of 20,000 people. What a miraculous multiplication of the German sausage there must have been! Yet next day 15,000 people had a "Fest" upon the sea-shore.

THE months of September and December will probably witness jubilant pilgrimages from this country to Munich and Frankfurt-on-Main. At each place the complete series of Wagner's operas, "Parsifal" excepted, is to be given, and Wagnerians are already beginning to brush up their German.

ROBERT FRANZ, well known as a song-composer, has just published his first composition for the piano. It is never too late to mend; Robert Franz is just seventy.

IN consequence of the adverse criticism which his band received, Herr Strauss moved from the Eastern Kiosk to the Albert Hall, to prove that the defects were due to the conditions of the open air performances. But the adverse criticisms continued, making it sufficiently obvious that there was only one move which could put an end to them—the move out of the country.

THE concerts at the Albert Hall in illustration of the Netherlands music of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were an interesting evidence of the antiquarian mood which has settled down upon musical culture in other countries besides our own. The movement is one to be encouraged, as laying the foundation for a really satisfactory work on music in Europe—a thing still to be desired despite the vast increase both in the quantity and quality of musical literature of late years.

WE would remind our readers that the Heller Testimonial Fund for the relief of the almost blind composer is still open. Subscriptions should be forwarded either to Mr Charles Halle, 11 Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square, W.; or to Messrs Coutts, 59 Strand, London. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

TWO hundred and twenty-five Musical Societies will take part in the International competition which commences at Lyons on the 15th August. One wonders whether love of the art, or the desire to shine, is the stronger incentive to such exhibitions.

THE Chief of Police of Jersey City, U.S., has ordered the arrest of all street-musicians, organ-grinders included, and says that, in accordance with a city ordinance, they must leave the place. "What a delightful summer resort Jersey City will be this year," observes a musical journal. Yes; but what an aggravated pandemonium some other city will become. This is the old method of ridding your garden of stones by throwing them over your neighbour's wall.

AN Italian author, Leopoldo Mastrigli, has published and dedicated to Franz Liszt a book on Beethoven, thus giving another example of the touch Italian art is making with that of the northern nations.

"IT is stated that the marriage of Miss Nevada will take place in October, but whether in the Old World or the New is not yet known." This is the mirthless way in which a contemporary raises Miss Nevada's marriage into an event of planetary importance. We suppose the precession of the equinox will not be affected.

La Correspondencia Musicales, of Madrid, informs its readers that, according to a German physician, no pianoforte player was ever attacked by cholera. Doubtless the metaphysical German meant this to be a new way of saying that "music hath charms."

BONN must be a pleasant place to live in. The worthy Burgomaster has revived a musty statute, ordering that investigation shall be made into the moral character and qualifications of every teacher of music not attached to any public institution. Broken rules in music and in morals are to be equally regarded by the stern eye of the law. Let all musicians note and tremble!

WHEN the Burgomaster is clothing himself in dread authority after the fashion of his predecessors of the sixteenth century, he should look beyond music. What of the morals of other teachers? Let him cast an awe-inspiring glance into the studios and the churches. The morals of the counting-house would also be worth attention. The remainder of his time he might devote to the municipal affairs of Bonn without any risk of injury to the common-weal.

How eager the press is to get stage favourites married! Miss Anderson has had enough husbands assigned to her to set up a ladies' college in matrimony. A Paris morning paper has just resolved that Miss Van Zandt shall marry a Russian Grand Duke. There is a certain moderation in this; the writer might have fixed on a prince, and Miss Van Zandt would not have had any more difficulty in paying a compliment to his imagination.

M. AUDRAN, the composer of "La Mascotte," has completed a new opera, the libretto by Mr Farnie, which is intended for England. The French title of the work is "La Nouvelle Fermière." If Mr Farnie would give his work some literary finish, and make the actors respect it, his collaboration with M. Audran might be more profitable to the stage.

THE ladies of Philadelphia have become enamoured of the violin, and talk enthusiastically over afternoon tea about the elegance of the Stradivarius scroll, the depth of the varnish, and the firm sweep of the lines. The worship of the violin promises to be a new form of "intensity." We knew that it was coming; and the ladies will find it harder to "live up" to a genuine Strad than to lilies or to blue china.

M. PACHMANN has been fascinating the Danes. He has given nine concerts in Copenhagen, and played three times at Court, receiving the Cross as a mark of Royal favour. M. Pachmann's confident, beaming way of coquetting with the keyboard seems irresistible.

At the National Concert in Bad Oeynhausen, Westphalia, English music is to be represented by selections from Balfe, Wallace, Sterndale Bennett, and, probably, Sullivan. What a comprehensive and luminous idea of English music the Westphalians will gain!

A DESCRIPTION of the Concert of Ancient Music at the Exhibition reads like a bit out of an old story or a fairy tale. "Then discoursed they excellent music upon two harpsichords, a *viola da gamba*, nine *flauti dolci*, great and small, likewise a drum."

It was noticeable that the modern piano has happily in the course of its evolution diminished the number of its legs. These old centipedal harpsichords made up in leg for what they lacked in sound. It is curious how long the race kept picking away at a wire with a toothpick before they hit upon the idea of hammering out a good round tone.

MDLLE. ULMANN made the best use possible of the double-manualed monstrosities, though the effect was as surprising as it would be to hear a pterodactyl chirp or a dodo sit up and sing.

ANOTHER curious phenomenon was that of seeing the antique flutes blown down into like a clarinet. The tone was almost as inferior to that of the modern flute as the harpsichord to the piano. The bass flute attached to the player's neck by a band is a distinctly formidable weapon.

THE iron structure at the Inventions is not the most satisfactory environment for illustrations of old sacred music. The unwritten instrumentation of wholly secular engines is too painfully apparent to people who are sensitive in these matters.

MR ROCKSTRO's programme, however, was one of great interest. A good example of polyphonic work was given in Palestrina's "Missa Brevis," one of the four masses for four voices, written in 1570, and dedicated to Philip II. of Spain. Allegri's "Miserere," numbers by Redford, Farrant, Tallis, and Gibbons, with a harpsichord solo by Dr John Bull, made up a quaint list of 16th and 17th century work. We have respectfully studied the old masters; now, as Whitman says, "O that the great masters might return and study us!"

THE Weekly Organ Recitals given by Dr Charles W. Pearce, after the Litany on Fridays, at the Church of S. Clement, Eastcheap, continue to attract a large number of city men to the instrument formerly played upon by Edward Purcell and Jonathan Battishill. Dr Pearce is now giving the Sonatas of Gustav Merkel in addition to lighter works. A new Fantasia and Double Fugue in A (MS.), on two well-known chant melodies by Battishill, was received with marked attention on July 10th; and other organ works from the pen of the present organist of S. Clement's are promised in the immediate future.

AT a French concert the other day a M. Hannier, an — undertaker, ventured to hiss. History does not record what sort of an undertaker he is—whether he is a contractor or a manufacturer, an *entrepreneur des pompes funèbres*, a master-builder or a coach-proprietor; but he is an undertaker of some kind, and on this occasion he undertook to hiss. Thereupon, a policeman undertook him into

custody, and the police court held that dissentients at concerts should be all mutes.

THE one-sidedness of this arrangement is obvious. To confine disapproval to some silent gesture, such as turning the back, when the rest of an audience is engaged in an insane but rapturous row, is to expect too much of the race. So at least thought the Court of Appeal which reversed the sentence, and sent the undertaker back to hiss his teeth out.

HENCEFORTH the law in France is made clear. You may hiss in season to your heart's content, so long as you abstain from "une manifestation permanente." Possibly some actors and singers will now find themselves in the position of Milton's "Satan:"—

"So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout, and high applause,
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn."

Probably they will deserve it, so *Vive l'entrepreneur!*

THE grand prize for musical composition offered by the Académie des Beaux-Arts has been awarded to M. Leroux. The subject was a cantata by M. Angé de Lassus, in monotonous six-foot verse, interspersed with recitative.

THE winner, a pupil of Massenet, is a musician with a career dating only from about eighteen months back, but his work is pronounced exceedingly good. It will be performed at a public sitting of the Institute in October.

THIS is "a very pretty stanza," which is said to have been uniformly well rendered by the competitors. The translation is perhaps a little too literal.

"I am Endymion. These woods are my home;
My flocks at my matin song waken and roam.
Day has scarcely lifted latch
Ere I lead them to loved valleys,
When each flower, about to hatch,
Ope, Aurora's tears to catch
In its fresh sweet chalice."

THE last line but two is due to the exigencies of rhyme, and the fact that the French use the same word for the hatching of an egg and the blowing of a flower. But seriously, the conceit about catching Aurora's tears was a little too thin even for French poetry. One hears them trickling down into little receptive chords in the accompaniments of half the competitors.

"IT is clear," says a French critic happily, "that Madame Patti, who has a castle in England, cannot sing at the same price as Madame Caron, who has still only a castle in Spain." After the luxury of double or triple prices, he will feel a sense of pauperism in being compelled to pay only the ordinary tariff of the "bureau de location" to hear a French company.

SENSATION for the Chinese! A French company voyaging in Chinese waters has commenced its representations at Hong-Kong with *La Mascotte*. Henceforth the gong and the tom-tom will have lost their charms. The old civilization erst defiant of French troops will doubtless succumb to a French troupe.

Musical Life in London.

THE musical season in London is now rapidly approaching its close, and, apart from the Handel Festival and the Carl Rosa Opera, it has proved to be one of the most barren in results of permanent interest I have ever had to record. It is true that the dreaded calamity of the absence of Italian opera has been averted by a hastily arranged series of operas at Covent Garden, with Mme. Patti as the one transcendent star; but this is rather an item of fashionable intelligence than of serious musical import. Her voice has lost little of its wonderful charm, and the exquisite perfection with which she renders the music of Rossini, Verdi, and others; but without her, "Il Barbiere," "Traviata," and "Marta," beautiful as are the melodies in these works, would have had little chance of attracting an audience even of fashionable amateurs at the present day. It is always hazardous for one with Mme. Patti's immense reputation to appear in a new part, and a proof of this has been given in the comparative failure that attended her first appearance as "Carmen" in Bizet's opera. In the florid Italian school she is without a rival, but it must be confessed that in "Carmen," where dramatic significance has been studied in the music rather than mere prettiness of expression, she by no means succeeded as Mmes. Minnie Hauk, Lucca, Trebelli, Marie Roze, and others had done before her.

A YOUNG *débutante*, of remarkable promise, Mdle. Fohström, has also appeared on a few occasions at Covent Garden. Her voice is a light soprano, of pure quality and considerable range, and though she has much to learn, especially in the matter of artistic restraint in the vocal flights that she essays, she has more than vindicated Mr Mapleson's discernment in introducing her to the London public. Her first appearance was in "Lucia di Lammermoor." In the contract scene her singing was admirably effective, and she also exhibited dramatic power of no mean order; in the subsequent mad scene she scored a veritable triumph. It would be a pity if so intelligent an artist, by overstraining her high notes, a fault to which she is at present too prone, were to injure a voice of singular beauty and flexibility. She has also appeared in "Somnambula" and "Rigoletto." Signor Giannini, a tenor singer of fair capacity; Signor De Anna, a baritone with a magnificently resonant voice; M. Engel, a tenor of the French school; and Signor Cherubini, all newcomers, have done good service in this short series of opera. Mme. Scalchi, one of our best operatic contraltos, and Signor Del Puente, gave also conspicuous assistance. And the services of that veteran conductor, Signor Arditi, should not be overlooked. In Italian opera he is almost without a rival.

TURNING now to more serious music, the Richter Concerts claim our first notice. Of novelties recently produced, little need be said of Mr Eugene D'Albert's "Hyperion" overture, a youthful exercise that might have been charitably left in the portfolio, and there was little reason for the importation of Herr Fuchs' symphony, a work of very slender merit and interest. The performance of Dr Villiers Stanfords' "Elegiac Ode" to Walt Whitman's poem, given for the first time in London, was of vastly greater importance. There is something strange and repellent in the glorification of Death, which is the subject of this work, but it is singularly impressive; and the soprano and baritone solos, well rendered by Miss Amy Sherwin and Mr Fred King, and the choral numbers are full of power and beauty and delicate workmanship. Dr Villiers

Stanford has written much of a high order of merit, but this work alone would suffice to prove his possession of musical genius of the rarest quality. A fine, if not faultless—and indeed that can hardly ever be hoped for—performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, brought this series of Richter concerts, the most successful since their establishment, to a close. They are to be resumed in the autumn.

OF the increased appreciation of the best chamber music, a proof has been afforded in the interest with which the concerts given in Princes' Hall, by Mme. Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig were regarded. Mme. Frickenhaus (an English lady married to a German) is one of our most accomplished and skilful pianists, and Herr Ludwig is a violinist of the first rank. Associated with them in the interpretation of the quintets, quartets, and trios by the great masters produced, were artists such as M. Albert, Mr Whitehouse, Mr Collins, and Mr Gibson, and both in the solos and concerted pieces not only were the selections unvaryingly of the best music, but they were given with a simple regard for the composer's meaning, very noteworthy in these days when self-assuming virtuosity is so much in fashion. Of other concerts of high-class music, Mr Charles Halle, in co-operation with Mme. Norman-Neruda and Signor Sarasate, dealing with a lighter class of music, but remarkable not only for the performances of the Spanish violinist, but also for the careful rendering of several of Beethoven's and Mozart's symphonies by the orchestra, under Mr G. W. Cusins, have added to the record of good artistic work. The same may be said of the pianoforte recitals by Herr Franz Rummel and Signor Cesi, both foreign pianists, *de première force*; of Mme Viard Louis' Beethoven meetings; and the concert of the St Cecilia Society, at which singers and orchestral players alike are ladies, and evince great cleverness in their respective parts.

THE last month has been crowded with benefit concerts, few of which require any special notice, for both artists and compositions on such occasions are usually of old acquaintance. Of these, however, mention may be made of Mr Kuhe's, at which Mme. Trebelli introduced her daughter Antoinette, a young lady who has a soprano voice that has been carefully trained, and who was most favourably received; and of Mr Cusins', at which a host of talent appeared, and the only regrettable feature in which was that he did not introduce any of his own very graceful compositions. Herr Leonhard Emil Bach, a pianist, who some time ago had the hardihood to play three of Beethoven's concertos one after the other to a patient audience, gave a concert on July 10th, in which he not only showed his possession of great powers as an executant, but also in a "Capriccio Polonais" (*sic*), and some graceful cradle songs from his pen, sung by Mme. Antoinette Sterling, displayed very creditable powers as a composer. Mdle. Gayard-Pacini, on the 7th, gave an interesting concert, with a programme exclusively composed of works by French musicians; and Mdle. Carini and Mdle. Levallois, the former by her vocal solos, the latter on the violin, at their concert on June 29th, delighted their audience. Signor Carpi, a baritone vocalist of considerable skill and experience, has also given a successful concert at the house of Major Wallace Carpenter. I agree with the writer of "Société de Londres;" nowhere is so much music made as in London.

WE yet need an organ to defend the "music of the future." Only such men could fitly edit it as the great blind cantor of the Thomas school (Bach) and the great deaf chapel master (Beethoven), who sleep at Vienna.—Schumann.

Echoes of the Handel Festival.

IT is a recollection to endure for a lifetime. Two hundred years have passed away since the birth of that great Saxon musician, whom we venerate as the "father of all such as handle" human voices in chorus. Not as a matter of merely accurate date-keeping, an event to serve as a convenient pretext for burning gunpowder and feasting immoderately, but as a function of solemn purpose—"to celebrate the memory of a great man," in the words of Beethoven's inscription on his Eroica symphony—was the occasion regarded by a vast number of those who journeyed to Sydenham to attend the Handel Festival in the third week of last June.

The great secret of good performances is diligent rehearsal; and at the General Rehearsal on the 19th, it was clearly shown that the increased number of provincial and London rehearsals, as mentioned in our last number, would result in even more notable improvement than had been expected. And the performance of the "Messiah" on the real day of the Festival's commencement, Monday the 22nd, magnificently demonstrated this. The sharp-eared critic perceived to his delight that passages, which had received the brand of immemorial ill-usage, now almost for the first time were correctly rendered. Slight blemishes, occasional waverings in the ranks of the huge army of singers, may have been noticed, but these were almost instantaneously rectified by the clear and authoritative beat of the conductor. Without resorting to language of unduly high-flown character, or in any way transgressing the limits of sober judgment, it may certainly be said that never before has so great an effect been produced by those colossal choruses of the "Messiah," "Unto us a Child is born," "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah" and "Amen" choruses, as on that day. Of the overwhelming effect of "Israel in Egypt" I shall speak later on, but the impression produced by the choral portion of the "Messiah" is to be classed alone. The listener feels that the grand voice of a multitude's worship is in those tones, and for the time his thoughts are lifted high above earthly things to the concourse of "the redeemed whom no man can number."

The Selection Day was especially interesting, by reason of no less than twelve pieces which had not previously been performed at these Festivals being included in the programme. Of these, perhaps the most interesting were "Ombra mai fui," from Xerxes, beautifully sung by Mme. Trebelli (an air better known in Hellmesberger's "Largo" arrangement), the airs from St Cecilia's Day, rendered by Mme. Valleria, to Mr Eyre's tasteful accompaniment, with admirable effect; "Tell fair Irene," from "Atalanta," which Mr Maas has already made a favourite in the concert-room, and the two instrumental pieces, "Concerto for Double Orchestra," and the Violin Sonata played by all the first violins. Of the last two it need only be said that the concerto, which has only recently been discovered in Buckingham Palace, has the true Handelian character, and is full of vigour and liveliness. Handel was musically of frugal nature, and all the themes have been worked up by him in other forms, so that there is a strangely familiar sound about the piece. The sonata was admirably played, but its execution in such a form found many opponents. It was urged that if the plan were accepted, we should probably hear all the tenors declaim "Comfort ye," and the sopranos in a body attack the brilliant music of "Rejoice greatly." On this day Mr W. T. Best gave a noble performance of the concerto in B flat—the first time, it is said, since Handel's

death that it has been played with orchestra. On Friday the 26th, "Israel in Egypt" now firmly established in its place as the fitting crown of the week's Festival, was given. Can anyone ever forget his sensations on first hearing the "Hailstone Chorus"? The long chain of mightily-conceived choruses was rendered with splendid accuracy and power.

Of the soloists, Mmes. Albani, Valleria, Marriott, Suter, Trebelli, Patey; Messrs Lloyd, Maas, Santley, Foli, Barrington Foote, Bridson, and others, it is difficult to speak with the warm praise that their exertions deserved. The fact is, in such a large auditorium their voices are almost lost, and in listening to them one has something of the same impression that is produced by looking through the small end of a telescope—an almost ludicrous sense of the apparent smallness of the object under notice.

Mr Manns, as commander-in-chief, amply vindicated the choice by which he was appointed to take Sir Michael Costa's place. The energy, the skill and judgment displayed by him were splendidly and invariably conspicuous.

J. J. B.

Victor Hugo and Richard Wagner.

WHOEVER writes the history of the nineteenth century drama will have some difficulty in finding their due place for two great figures which can by no means be disregarded—Victor Hugo and Richard Wagner. Neither seems to enter into the current tendency; each appears at first sight like an eddy or whirlpool, rushing and roaring with prodigious energy, but leading nowhere. This may be said with accuracy and confidence of Victor Hugo, for time has had time to show that in his dramatic works, as drama, there was no initiative whatever. He founded no school, and the dramatic life of Europe continued its course of development practically unaffected by his doctrine or achievement. Of Wagner, on the other hand, it is too early to say that his drama, as drama, leads nowhere. The immensity of his influence on music is strictly analogous to the immensity of Victor Hugo's influence on French verse. Each, it may be said, enriched the vocabulary and enlarged the methods of his art. But Wagner, like Victor Hugo, believed himself to be doing more than this. He believed himself to be rejuvenating the theatre; not merely producing individual masterpieces, but superseding the drama of the past and present, and founding the drama of the future. Whether in this he was right or wrong, it is as yet too early to determine; but so far as one can see, the realistic stage is proceeding on its course of development, deaf to his demonstrations of its futility and careless of his contempt for its methods. It does not seem altogether too hasty, then, to bracket Victor Hugo and Wagner as two great tone-poets (so we may call the author of "Hernani," though he did not know a note of music), each of whom produced extraordinary theatrical works according to the laws of his own individuality, believing, erroneously, that the said individuality was destined to impose its laws on the whole world of the drama. The error was not entirely one of arrogance. It arose in part from a failure to realize the fact that there is but one Victor Hugo and one Richard Wagner in an age—as though the century-plant were to undertake the whole supply of Covent Garden.

Perhaps our dramatic historian would not be far wrong in treating Victor Hugo as the prologue, Richard Wagner as the epilogue, to the drama of

the nineteenth century. Hugo foresaw it, as through a glass, darkly—the glass of his peculiar, imaginative, exaggerative, effect-loving temperament. Wagner saw through it, analyzed it, and rejected it. Both were wrong; but, whereas Hugo's mistake was one of defective insight, Wagner's arose, it may almost be said, from a too great depth and sweep of vision. It was a splendid, a fruitful, an inspired error.

In their different attitudes towards truth, towards reality, we may best study the difference between the two men. Victor Hugo is all for truth. The famous preface to "Cromwell" proclaims clearly that it is the duty of the drama to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. After much nebulous theorizing about primitive times and ancient times, the ode and the epos, Adam, Cain, and Noah, Achilles, Atreus, and Orestes, we arrive at the conclusion that the drama is the special literary form of modern times, and that whereas the ode sings eternity and the epic solemnizes history, it is the function of the drama to "paint life." This is insisted on emphatically, antithetically, epigrammatically. The characteristic of the ode is naïveté, its personages colossi, it lives in the ideal; the characteristic of the epic is simplicity, its personages giants, it lives in the grandiose; the characteristic of the drama is truth, its personages men, it lives in the real. This is perfectly explicit; Zola himself could not be more so, though he would scarcely have founded his plea for reality on such a patently unreal systematization. But what sort of truth is it that this flourish of trumpets announces? An England of operabouffe with a Cromwell of popular legend; fantastic Spanish bandits and lackeys, dons and duennas; an Italy of daggers, poisons, secret doors, and subterranean passages; and a Germany of fabulous colossi growing out of a background of chaos and old night.* Even the two plays which pass on French soil, if they have slightly greater claims to historical and human reality, are at bottom mere pieces of theatrical rhetoric without a touch of observation. Thus our sublime prophet of truth and reality resolves himself into a falsifier of history, a derider of possibility, and a fabricator of eloquent lay-figures in place of living and observed characters. So far from laying the foundation-stone of a new, true, and vital drama, he merely provides a quarry for the librettists of Italian opera. As pieces of vivid various word-rich poetical eloquence his plays are among the masterpieces of French literature, but as contributions to the living drama of the world they are scarcely worth serious consideration.

What now is Wagner's attitude towards truth? He, too, rebels against mere convention and untruth, but he is not, like Hugo, content to substitute a new for an old falsity, his own fantasy for other people's conventions, and call it truth. On the contrary, so vivid is his perception of the multiplex difficulties in the way of truly reproducing the simplest phenomenon under the conditions of art, that he despairs of reality, and would confine the drama of the future to the sphere of pure imagination where typical, symbolic, spiritual truths can alone be presented, truths cognizable by the feelings rather than by the senses and the intellect. A realistic historical drama he declares to be impossible, because historical character can only be understood by the aid of an exact and careful delineation of its circumstances and surroundings, which is precisely what the very conditions of his art debar the dramatist from attempting. The romance alone, he says, can deal with history, for it proceeds mechanically from the outside inwards, while the drama develops organically from the inside outwards. A realistic modern drama, again, can only end, he argues, in a chaos of formless

* It is curious to note that about the time when Hugo was writing "Les Burgraves," Wagner was contemplating a music-drama which should have Frederick Barbarossa for its hero. A Wagnerian might maintain, too, that Hugo, in this his last play, had burst the bonds of the spoken drama, and was crying aloud for the wings of music.

ugliness, quite foreign to art. Modern society is such a distortion and contradiction of the true social order that art shrinks from it as from an unclean thing. Only by presenting humanity in its simplest, most elemental aspects, appealing not merely to the intellect with word-speech, but to thought and feeling in one by the aid of tone-speech, can the drama, the great harmonious artwork of the future, become and remain a living reality.

This is, I own, a very incomplete and even unfair statement of Wagner's position. I cannot pretend to compress into one paragraph a body of beliefs set forth in several volumes and illustrated in half a score of titanic art-works. Wagner bases his prophecy of the future upon an analysis of the political and æsthetic history of the past, which cannot be fairly studied except in his own writings. Nevertheless, enough has been said to show that his view of the problem and its issues was far profounder than Hugo's. He was misled by *a priori* conceptions of "art," "beauty," "ugliness," and so forth, but he was far above the radical error of Hugo's system—that of being content with an *a priori* conception of truth. The difference between the two men is curiously typical of the difference of their nationalities. Hugo, as Lord Tennyson has aptly, if not very profoundly, remarked, was "French of the French," Wagner was German of the Germans. Who knows but that it may be the first task of the true creator of a living modern drama to eliminate from his methods, not the personal equation, but the "race equation"?

Both Hugo and Wagner, it is important to remember, thought and wrote before the great problem of modern æsthetics—the relation of Science to Art—had fairly formulated itself. They were insensible to the electric current which is thrilling the world of thought, polarizing all its particles and arranging them in novel curves and new relations. Wagner, towards the close of his career, tried to bring his theories into harmony with a metaphysic which, of all similar systems, has the best claim to a scientific sanction; but whether his attempt was successful or not, the system remains a metaphysic, and the harmonization remains an afterthought. It is possible that if these two great men had lived a generation later, Hugo would have attached a different meaning to the word "truth," and Wagner would have recognised in the realistic drama a means, and a more essential means than that in which he trusted, towards the great end he had in view. There was a third great man of their contemporaries whose name both must have heard, but whose thought it did not occur to either of them to bring into relation with his own. That man was Darwin.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

MUSICAL PLAGUES (*diabolini*).—When I am obliged to pass over a grain of sand in order to write further; when I turn over two pages of music at once; when a key sticks; when a doubt arises as to the time and key signature; when, in the heat of composition, no paper is at hand; but, worst of all, when the stick flies off while one is conducting.—Schumann.

THE mythos must be looked upon as the ideal subject for the poet—that originally nameless poem of the people that we find in all ages treated in ever new methods by the poets of periods of finished culture—for in it the conventional disappears, and such forms of human relations as are only explicable to the abstract reason vanish almost entirely, and there appears instead only the intelligible, the purely human, but in that inimitable concrete form which gives to every genuine myth the individual features that are so easily recognisable.—Wagner.

PEOPLE have often tried to picture Liszt's outward appearance by comparing his head to Schiller's or Napoleon's; and this comparison so far holds good in that extraordinary men possess certain traits in common, such as an expression of energy and strength of will in the eyes and mouth. He has some resemblance to the portraits of Napoleon as a young general—pale, thin, with a remarkable profile, the whole significance culminating in the head.—Schumann.

Musical Instruments at the Inventions Exhibition.

NO less satisfactory exhibition can be conceived than a collection of musical instruments surmounted by notices that visitors are requested not to touch. Even a Stradivarius violin is not pleasant to look at when it is standing on end in a glass case. You may not hold it to the light to make the lucid depths of the varnish visible; you must not foreshorten its curves by placing it in the position in which it should be played—the only position in which a fiddle does not remind you of a plucked fowl hanging by the neck in a poulterer's shop; you cannot hear the sound, apart from which it is the most senseless object extant; and your personal independence is irritated by the feeling that what prevents you from satisfying your curiosity by force of arms is not your conscience, but the proximity of a suspicious policeman, who is so tired of seeing apparently sane men wasting their time over second-hand fiddles and pianofortes, that he would probably rather arrest you than not, if only you would give him a pretext for the capture. A harpsichord with a glass lid on the keyboard is disappointing; but a clavichord similarly secured is downright exasperating; for if there is one instrument that every musician would like to try, it is the *wohltemperirte clavier* of Sebastian Bach. To relieve such feelings, which must afflict all visitors to the gallery of the Albert Hall more or less, the Council of the Inventions Exhibition has arranged a series of historic concerts, at some of which a few of these instruments have already been heard. The six-stringed *viola di gamba* has actually raised the question whether it is not at least equal to the violoncello, instead of being the "nasal and ungrateful" instrument we have been taught to imagine it. But the few pieces played upon it by M. Jacobs were chosen to show it to the greatest advantage, and certainly did not furnish an exhaustive test of its capacity. The old Italian violins were not played, as they are supposed to be already familiar to us. This, however, is a mistake.

The Strads now in use by certain great violinists have all been tampered with to enable them to bear the tension of modern concert pitch. Take a Stradivarius or Amati fiddle, exactly as it left the maker's hand; fit it with the thick strings used in the seventeenth century; and an attempt to tune it at the pitch of the Albert Hall Organ will probably spoil it or smash it. At the old pitch of Handel's tuning fork, which is a little flat to French pitch, the instrument would give us the true Stradivarius tone, which is just as strange to us as that of the *viola di gamba*. The excellence of the modernized Strad, with its added fortifications and its thread like strings, is only obvious to the large class of amateurs whose imaginations, when prompted by an analytical programme, discern divine harmonies in any plausible noise made in their presence. The Council at South Kensing-

ton could not devise a more, practically important experiment than a performance, at the old pitch, by some competent artist upon an authentic and untampered-with violin by Amati, Stradivarius, or Guarnerius, followed by a repetition of the piece at concert pitch on a modernized instrument by the same maker.

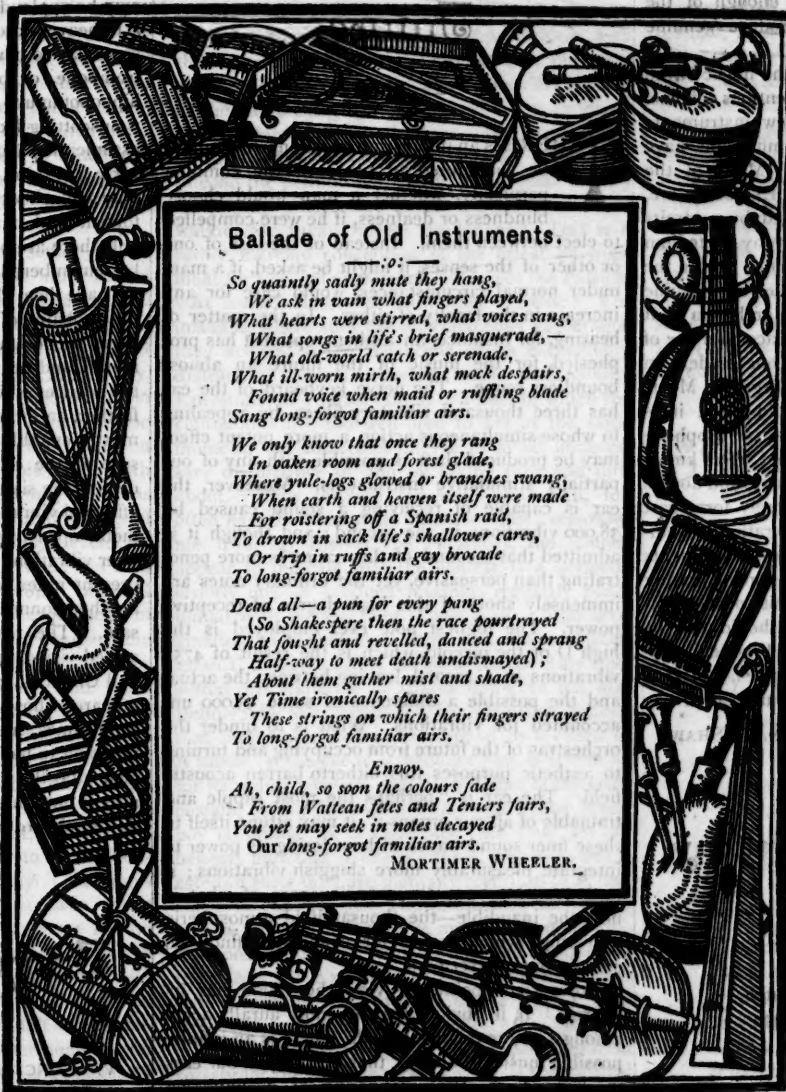
An old regal, a chamber organ, with flue pipes and one reed stop, was used at the historic concerts. It was a whole tone flat to the other instruments; but the discrepancy was easily overcome by transposition. The effect of Luther's *Eine feste Burg*, accompanied by the regal, was as fine as it would have been detestable had a modern harmonium been used. Small old fashioned organs, in mean-tone temperament, are still to be found in some country churches; and the sweetness of their tone, and the smoothness of the chords and progressions played in the practicable keys upon them, will make many a churchgoer

one, sprinkled here and there lower down. But the rest of its sounds are so weak that, at a little distance, they were lost in the tinkling of the harpsichord. Mozart's practice of doubling the flute part by a bassoon in the octave below, was probably suggested more by the necessity of reinforcing the weak places in the flute's compass than by any fancy for the effect of the two timbres in combination. The still older flute-à-bec, *flauto dolce*, or lansquenet flute, of which four sorts, treble, alto, tenor, and bass were played in the simplest diatonic harmony, with a flaccid side drum of the kind used by showmen marking time, is a wooden flageolet, the most agreeable tones of which may be compared to the cooing of an old and very melancholy piping crow. The specimens used at the historic concerts were only approximately identical in pitch; and the piercing was of the roughest anti-Boehm order. The effect of the *flauti dolci* music was, on the whole, quaintly execrable.

So many abuses have come in with the modern pianoforte that its superiority to the harpsichord is not a subject for unmixed rejoicing. But its superiority is none the less undeniably vast. All that can now be said for the harpsichord is that it checked slovenly and violent playing; that it forced composers to cultivate clearness of construction and intelligent part writing; and that it preserves for us the intended effect of certain ornate passages, favoured by Handel and Bach, which seem merely *rococo* when played on a pianoforte.

So far, these concerts of instrumental music, though excellently carried out, have been planned as exhibitions of old-fashioned chamber music only. It is greatly to be desired that some orchestral concerts be attempted with a view to reproducing the effects heard by Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, during what may be called the pre-clarinet period of orchestration. The Haydn orchestra might be revived by altering the ordinary proportions of string to wind players; multiplying the bassoons; and, of course, lowering the pitch, which should be done by thickening the strings used. The effect of this on the tone from the basses would be remarkable. There are various methods by which the pitch of wind instruments can be lowered, when the players are disposed to lower it, which they seldom are. The clarinet

is an exception; but music in which the clarinet is used is practically modern music, and need not be included in the programmes. The Bach orchestra, with its three trumpets, the first of them playing florid passages up to the high D, and its two *oboi d'amore*, was reproduced with splendid success at the Bach bi-centenary performance of the Mass in B minor last spring. The *oboe d'amore* has been resuscitated by the Mahillons at Brussels; and it amply justifies Bach's preference for it. In quality of tone it is purer, sweeter, and more dignified than the English horn; and it is certainly not less powerful. As to the trumpet, no instrument needs rehabilitation more urgently. In the show cases of modern instruments at the exhibition, dozens of cornets, many of them elaborately decorated and even bejewelled, are conspicuous; but only in one or two instances is a solitary trumpet, labelled "slide



Ballade of Old Instruments.

So quaintly sadly mute they hang,
We ask in vain what fingers played,
What hearts were stirred, what voices sang,
What songs in life's brief masquerade,—
What old-world catch or serenade,
What ill-worn mirth, what mock despair,
Found voice when maid or rustling blade
Sang long-forgot familiar airs.

We only know that once they rang
In oaken room and forest glade,
Where yule-logs glowed or branches swang,
When earth and heaven itself were made
For roistering off a Spanish raid,
To drown in sack life's shallower cares,
Or trip in ruffs and gay brocade
To long-forgot familiar airs.

Dead all—a pun for every pang
(So Shakspeare then the race portrayed
That fought and revelled, danced and sprang
Half-way to meet death undismayed);
About them gather mist and shade,
Yet Time ironically spares
These strings on which their fingers strayed
To long-forgot familiar airs.

Envoy.

Ah, child, so soon the colours fade
From Watteau fetes and Teniers fairs,
You yet may seek in notes decayed
Our long-forgot familiar airs.

MORTIMER WHEELER.

trumpet, for classical music" to be seen in a modest corner. These slide trumpets are not the instruments Bach wrote for. They are hard to play, and their tone is so vile that Herr Richter and other first-rate conductors connive at the substitution of the more manageable cornet. Though this is a musical fraud, and a deplorable one, it is certainly better to have a good cornet well played than a bad trumpet ill played. It has been repeatedly said that Bach's trumpet parts are impracticable; and they are commonly executed nowadays by the clarionet; but Julius Kosleck of Berlin has exploded that superstition by playing the first trumpet part of the great Mass at the highest English concert pitch on an old-fashioned straight trumpet, without missing a note. It is said that Mr Morrow, the well-known English trumpet player, has ordered a similar instrument. If this be true, there is some hope that what was once called "the heroic art" of playing the trumpet may be revived among us. We have had quite enough of the attempts of cornet players to produce genuine trumpet effects.

Besides the music of the past, the music of the future might have a place in the Inventions scheme. There are important classes of new instruments which are kept out of use because musicians have no opportunity of hearing them. Many of the pretended musical novelties in the Exhibition are, it is true, quite sufficiently illustrated by portraits of some distinguished person wiling away the tedium of high life by performing upon them. But on the other hand there are whole families of genuine additions to the resources of the orchestra that have not yet got further than a place in a few of our military bands. Probably not one student in the Royal Academy or Royal College of Music could "spot" a saxophone blindfold; and it is doubtful whether the name of the sarrusophone would convey any meaning to them. Yet a knowledge of the effect of applying the single and double reed to metal instruments should surely form part of the education of the rising generation of composers: As yet the "recitals" on new instruments have been of the nature of advertisements rather than of experiments. In an exhibition of inventions, all the practical publicity should not be appropriated to relics of the past. Practical publicity for a musical instrument implies, not that the public can see it, but that they can hear it.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Exhibitional Polyphony.

You are strictly forbidden to touch
Any instrument now upon loan,
Whether English, Italian, or Dutch,—
You are strictly forbidden to touch
With a view to elicit the tone.
But on virginal, lyre, chitarone,
Lute, dulcimer, cittern, spinnet—
Any instrument now upon loan,
Invisible fingers atone
With a music that lingers there yet.
Here are lovers—it matters not much
Whether English, Italian, or Dutch—
And their indolent murmurs have set
All the strings in a delicate drone.
Here a cripple with punctual crutch
Has staccatoed a brief minuet
Upon dulcimer, lute, and spinnet;
And the scream of a virginal crone
On whose toe trod a farmer (twelve stone)—
Whether English, Italian, or Dutch
In such cases does not matter much—
Has left the high notes in a fret
With an elderly treble regret.
When musicians in chorus bemoan
That they may not reach forward and clutch

Some quaint and enrapturing pet
Violin they are dying to own,
Then an engastrimytrical groan
Makes answer from fiddles on loan,
And insured there for hundreds unknown.
For their sensitive nerve-boards are such
That in virginal, lyre, chitarone,
Lute, dulcimer, cittern, spinnet,
Whether English, Italian, or Dutch,
Every sound finds a string to coquette,
And elicits an answering tone,
Though you're strictly forbidden to touch
Any instrument there upon loan.

M. Q.

The Ear of the Future.

THERE is an interesting question which might be substituted in place of the common perplexity, whether a man would choose blindness or deafness, if he were compelled to elect between them. Instead of the loss of one or other of the senses, it might be asked, if a man, under normal circumstances, would care for any increase in the faculty of either. In the matter of hearing, for instance, an æsthetic optimist has prophesied for the music of the future an almost boundless scope. The nerve keyboard of the ear has three thousand vibratory fibres, by appealing to whose simultaneous action a more potent effect may be produced than is possible with any of our partially stimulative instruments. Moreover, the ear is capable of receiving a sound caused by 38,000 vibrations in the second; and though it is admitted that a sound of this nature is more penetrating than persuasive, yet the ordinary notes are immensely short of this high degree of receptive power. The highest note ever employed is the high D of the piccolo, which is the result of 4752 vibrations in a second, leaving between the actual and the possible a difference of some 33,000 unaccounted for vibrations. What is to hinder the orchestras of the future from occupying and turning to æsthetic purposes this hitherto barren acoustic field. The ear is "perhaps the most supple and trainable of all our organs;" it may attune itself to these finer sound-waves without losing its power to integrate pleasurably more sluggish vibrations; it may even attain to the consciousness of what is now the inaudible—the thousandfold atmospheric quivering, which makes for sound but finds no echo in our coarser ears.

From some points of view the vision has its charms. It is obvious that the most aurally acute amongst us are relatively deaf. There is an infinite possible music around us that beats upon our ears in vain—a ceaseless wandering of disembodied melodies that never find a lodgment. The rhythm of life in endless variation appeals to the imagination as a symphony, a psalm, a dithyramb. The roar of the sap in the trees and the blood in the veins, the chiming of leaves and grasses, the cries of insects, the grind of atoms, all seem to appeal to us for audience and disentanglement. The Buglaria under the microscope snaps its tiny beak so strongly to the eye, that the ear wonders that it hears no sound. Even single noises—the bursting of a bud, the cracking of a twig, the flap of a wing—might mass together into continuous notes and changeful harmonies, if the ear could grasp them together; as many London cabs rattling upon the granite paving give out a musical note. Of some of these sounds we have hints, as when Tyndal ascribes the murmur of a shell "to the reinforcement of feeble sounds with which even the stillest

air is pervaded." The possibility of perceiving and analysing these, not by microphone, but by an acquired normal auditory power, in the future, has so many attractions to the imagination that few who have entertained the idea have paused to ask themselves, whether it would not be attended with a loss on the side of present pleasure,—whether, in fact, life—about which there seems some doubt at present—would not be unmistakably not worth living.

It might indeed almost be taken as axiomatic that if we are at present relatively deaf, there is some good reason for it, and that indefinite ear culture would by no means be free from disadvantages. It is of course possible that the high D of the piccolo may fail to meet the demands of advanced ears, and that the squeak of a pencil on a slate may find its notational equivalent; or even—supposing a corresponding vocal development—that, instead of ending on the A in alt, a singer may be applauded for a magnificent close upon the Z in heaven-knows-where. It may be pleasurable some day to have a fly trumpet in one's ear like a trombone, or prance over one's bald pate like a hippopotamus, to hear a mouse run down the wainscoting like an avalanche, or a clap of thunder assume the acoustic dimensions of a ruining universe; to think one hears a watercourse, and find only a blackberry bush, or get out of the way of a torrent and cut one's best friend. Why not?—only there are one or two things which may fittingly be remembered. If the unheard sounds are notes we have them already—of inferior quantity perhaps, but probably of similar tonic quality. In that case there is no gain, while, if the sounds be noises merely and not notes, we may be content with all the silences which we can at present command. But further, an increase of acoustic powers of this kind must inevitably be accompanied by a loss of pleasure at the other end. An acute musician's ear detects the sixteen vibrations, as distinct from their affiliated vibrations in the CCCC of a thirty-two feet metal open organ-pipe. The power to appreciate finer vibrations means the resolution of what are at present notes into noises. Coleridge, speaking in another connection, had a kindred idea, when he said, "The razor's edge becomes a saw to the armed vision, and the delicious melodies of Purcell and Cimarosa might be disjointed stammerings to a hearer whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours." It would be interesting to have a squeaker in the orchestra or to hear a beetle sing, but on the whole a little deafness is not amiss. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter—unheard. R. W.

Familiar Letters.

V.—CONCERNING MUSICAL "AT HOMES."

I MUST admit the impeachment that I have always the misfortune to be engaged whenever I am invited to a musical "At home;" but your pressing letter requesting that I should at least give you my opinion of them both in principle and practice certainly deserves acknowledgment. If I were not afraid that you would misunderstand me, I should be tempted to express it in the proposition—that they are usually given by people without principle and sadly in need of practice. You see the advantages of anonymity in permitting one to malign one's friends. If you ask me how I know this after my confession of total abstinence, I have no objection to indulge in still further malignity. I have the misfortune to live next door to a musical family who give an "At home" once a fortnight. Every other Wednesday at the appointed hour the portentous guests arrive.

A double rap with a sequel—a knock of assurance, a mixture of the not-a-common person and intimate friend knocks—makes me aware of the fact that Mrs Passionately Fond is ushering in her three daughters, all of them born-musicians at various stages of ladies-school culture. After them, with a sharp thud of precision and emphasis, comes Herr Faber (né Smith—son of Smith, the patent tea-cosy man), who has been in Leipsic, and acquired airs. Then a medley of guests stream up—the bores and the bored, the Handel lovers and the scandal lovers, the adorners of the tea of the present, and the adorners of the music of the future, an ensnared German and a Pole who has escaped the scaffold, an æsthetic lord who looks a greater idiot than he really is, and the last discovered native genius, who is a very much greater idiot than he looks, and that is saying a great deal. There is certainly no lack of guests, for Mr Talbot Hautboy, though he detests music, is a man of wealth and influence, and lives in awe of his wife. When they are assembled, I stand in need of no Asmodeus to render transparent the partition which separates them from my study; the modern builder is fiend sufficient. I must either take my hat and exile myself from my native hearth, or I must unwillingly consent to be a participator in the crime upon the perpetration of which you are meditating. Let me beg you to pause and consider, before it is too late, some fragmentary results of my experiences.

It is always well to start from some general statement of obvious solidity, if not intuitive and axiomatic in its nature. I would therefore call your attention in the first place to the fact that mankind is susceptible of division into two great and important groups—those who dine at mid-day, and those who dine at night. A certain section may be regarded as double-diners—I mean those who take a substantial luncheon to cheer them on the way dinnerwards. What has this to do with musical “At homes”? Every thing, my dear madam. I do not insist upon the fact that dyspepsia has kept pace with afternoon teas, though even that might be shown to have its musical side; but I do ask you what you consider the proper physical condition for the performance and enjoyment of music. I have been at some pains to compare the physical and mental state of the average Briton for a few hours before and after dinner; and I am prepared, if necessary, to prove statistically by the sphygmograph, that he is not then in a fit condition for æsthetic—for artistic feeling, either in the way of creation or of receptivity. After dinner, the ordinary man—and, to a less degree, the ordinary woman—is unemotional, complacent, torpid; and you might as well read a poem to a boar-constrictor after his daily buffalo, as play Schumann’s “Warum,” or sing Schubert’s “Serenade” to a man who has dined. To him the universe has no problems, and as for serenading—what’s Romeo to him? Musical emotion resolves itself with him into a loose sort of animalistic optimism, and he has scarcely discrimination enough left to anathematise a street-piano. On the other hand, for an hour or two before a late dinner, he is consciously tending towards it. It is a period of lassitude, of physical and mental relaxation, in which the finer perceptive powers are comparatively feeble. There is, it is true, the temporary stimulus of tea, but that is only partially remedial, not inspiring, when a man is face to face with the impressive fact that it is seven hours since breakfast, and he has not yet had his dinner.

You will charge me, perhaps, with estimating musical “At homes” from the point of view of a gastronome. The charge has an ugly look, but I am not the less compelled to say in this regard what Schoeffle said of property—“C’est une question d’estomac.” Test it, if you like, by closely comparing the technique of a performer in the afternoon and at night. You will find that even a professional pianist, who, if she be wise, is careful to diet herself with a view to subsequent performance, will not, as a rule, be at her best in the afternoon. I have

known both luncheon and the lack of luncheon spoil a magnificent programme in the hands of a leading pianist; and the ordinary performer at musical “At homes” is the last person in the world to think of modifying a meal to improve his music. Few musicians would play—just as few literary men would write—in the afternoon, if it were possible to avoid it; but it suits the taste of loungers who find the post-prandial or pre-prandial hours hang heavily on their hands. Pan slept in the thickets during the white noon; and the shepherds hushed their pipes and let life drift by in silence till he should wake again. Which thing is an allegory with an application to most musical “At homes,” from which the sleepy divinity is conspicuously absent.

It must be said, too, that this is not the only point in which they are unsatisfactory. I am very far from agreeing with a friend of mine who holds that for the proper appreciation of music a man should kneel in the dusk of a cathedral on a red velvet cushion before a stained-glass window, with the vague pleasurable consciousness that his nearest and dearest friends are somewhere in the dusk of the same cathedral—all on red velvet cushions before stained-glass windows. It sounds very nice, though, for my own part, I should be tempted to echo the petition of Skelton to Cardinal Wolsey—“I pray your grace to let me lye doune and wallow, for I can kneele no longer.” This is a rather extreme conception of the fittest environment for musical enjoyment, but is not the musical “At home” almost at the other extreme? For instance, where they are miscellaneous gatherings, they are apt to be the scene of an exceedingly distracting contest between music and gossip. I presume, of course, that it is a duel in which the combatants are too well-bred to fire at the same moment, but courteously agree to avoid unnecessary disturbance of aim by taking turn and turn about. Thus through the wall—“O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans”—which separates me from my friends the Hautboys, the sounds appear to indicate that the contest is a perfectly orderly one—a subdued murmur, regularly punctuated with pieces. But it needs very little imagination to realise that there is a world of non-musical thoughts in the brains of the silent auditors—that Mrs Alamode is almost dying to tell Mrs Belton how she discovered her exquisite bonnet, that little Cherry, who was stopped by a chord in A minor on the eve of a brilliant pun, is scheming for its re-introduction, that Herr Faber is inwardly ecstatic over a false note by his rival, that Hautboy is pining for a cigar and the Pole for an heiress, and that a dozen others, who were interested in their talk, are mentally reverting to it, and eager to continue it. The mind does not readily take a new focus, and there are far too many distractions for any one to give undivided attention to the music. It is possible of course to select your guests carefully with musical intent; but in that case they need to be unusually good, or your “At home” becomes merely a mutual-admiration society for the performance of what is the musical equivalent of the “penny reading,” minus the audience.

In abusing them thus I confess that I am applying my own standard of the fittest conditions for the performance and enjoyment of music, and I do not anticipate that you will go the whole way with me in the matter. I am even prepared to allow that the institution is a comparatively innocent pastime for those who like it, and that it is not without some educative value musically and socially, though less musically than socially. It is certainly for most people a vast improvement upon the older custom of formal and aimless calls. If you and your friends are content to take your music in a diluted form, to use it as a sort of conversational finger-glass, I can of course make no objection. You must decide for yourselves on the ground of your own greatest pleasure. In such case I can only offer one or two suggestions.

First, that you do not invite too many guests. Vary them as much as you please, but do not let them at any one time exceed such a number that they cannot all comfortably take part in a united conversation. By this arrangement your guests will more readily adjust themselves to the music, whereas in the larger “At homes” an indefinite number of detached groups is invariably formed, each with its own topics, its separate sentiment, its private interest. You can, in short, organise your party so that the talk lends interest to the music and the music to the talk, to the concentration of enjoyment and the death of digressional gossip. That is, I need hardly say, always supposing that your guests do not come primarily for little scandals in corners.

Your own judgment will tell you not to leave the music for your guests to chance, so that your more cultured guests are bored by school-girl exhibitions, and your less cultured guests by purely classical pieces which they cannot understand. If you invite a mixed gathering you must cater for them with taste and forethought. One other point. Be sure that your instrument is thoroughly in tune, and that neither the brackets nor the ornaments, with which your drawing-room is doubtless decorated, are so loosely fixed that they vibrate to certain notes. I have known a dish have intermittent attacks of St Vitus’s dance every time the common chord was struck, and a small vase positively waltz all round its shelf to the tune of the lower F. Some people like this; they cultivate plates to every note in the piano, and will run up a scale in blue china with the profoundest satisfaction. But I am not yet sufficiently evolved; I cannot go beyond Wagner. A MUSICAL RECLUSE.

Stanzas for Music.

III.—MY LADY OF SLEEP.

*Ah, but thou comest so gently
Over the starlit deep!
Starry are thine eyes to me,
Ever a new surprise to me;
Yet I could weep, weep, and weep
To feel the hand that lies on me,
My Lady of Sleep.*

*Bend above me tenderly,
So that thy shadow deep
Shade my limbs from heat of the sun,
And my heart from sorrows never done;
And hush thee, lest I weep and weep
To hear the whispering of dreams,
My Lady of Sleep.*

*Lay a dark tress of thy hair
Over mine eyes, and keep
Still thy cool hand on my brow;
So that evermore as now,
Waking not to weep and weep,
I may rest in love of thee,
Dear Lady of Sleep.*

R. M.

He who loves thinks in music.—Schumann.
The emptiest head thinks it can hide its weakness behind a fugue.—Schumann.

Old Zelter, at a certain passage of the “Creation,” fancied he saw the moon rise, and used to rub his hands at the place, and say, delightedly, “Aha! there we have it again!”—Schumann.

To me the regularly repeated and noisily diffused modulations of Mozart’s symphonies appear as though I heard the noise of setting and clearing away a royal banquet set to music. The original and thoroughly brilliant method of Beethoven, on the contrary, tended toward the complete disappearance of these interval passages, and toward giving the connections between the principal melodies themselves the character of melody.—Wagner.

A Floream Fiddle.

WHO he was or how he came there, not a soul of us could guess; and as he persistently maintained the demeanour of a harmless lunatic the matter seemed past our finding out. All that we definitely knew was that as we were slipping down the coast before a fine breeze with the Paps of Jura grey upon our quarter, we were startled by a cry from the bow—"Boat right ahead, sir; don't see nobody aboard." "Very well, stand by to pick her up," said the skipper; and, glad of any excitement to vary the monotony of perpetual poker and sunsets, we crowded to the side. "There's a man in her at all events," said little Adlam, who had mounted the bowsprit; and, as a suspicious-looking hat became visible over the side, he added lugubriously—"bet you what you like he's a parson!" "Never!" shrieked the stammerer of the party, moved by the ominous prospect to preternatural fluency; "it's more unlucky to ship a saint than to ship a sea. Full speed a-head, skipper!" However by this time the boat was along side, revealing to our astonished gaze, as its sole contents, a man and a violin.

When we first saw him he was peacefully reclining at the bottom of the boat with his head against the tiller, apparently intently absorbed in the scrutiny of the belly of his violin. At our hail, and the sudden looming of the schooner's sails above him, he started suddenly to his feet, but sank back again as the boat swayed under him, and sat vacantly staring at us as though we were a shoal of porpoises or other commonplace species of sea-beast. Then he caught up the bow of his violin, and, with a sudden assault upon the strings, beat out a series of sounds which appeared to be a source of huge mirth to him, for he lay back in the boat and laughed to himself long and loudly.

It was clearly impossible to leave a hopeless imbecile of this kind to drift in an open boat with no visible means of subsistence except the strings of his instrument, so we invited him to come on board. To this he made no objection, but deftly tucking his fiddle into one of the pockets of his coat tails, and taking the bow in his teeth, he clambered up the side of the yacht as though he were boarding a privateer. It was difficult to refrain from laughter as he stood upon the deck, bowing first to right and then to left of him before resuming his violin and running up a scale to an incredible degree of tenuity. He was certainly the oddest man we had ever seen. Decidedly under the middle height, he had a slack and collapsed body, though the coat was buttoned tightly as if to give it support, a head like a skull with a grey Mephistophelian beard upon the chin, grey eyes, closely-cut bristly grey hair, and, over all, a weather-worn slouch hat. His legs, of an almost impossible thinness, bulged forward slightly at the knees, and were seemingly so deficient in firm muscularity that voluntary motion on their owner's part appeared out of the question. For my own part I must confess that after the first temptation to merriment I felt a curious fascination creeping over me, from which I was scarcely diverted by a voice at my elbow suggesting that we should get the "dilapidated Satan" something to eat. It was apparently the only thing we could do, for to all questioning the man was dumb. He stood in the same spot nervously fingering his violin, and for all response there came only an exasperating chuckle, which drove the skipper into a state of frenzy from which the crew suffered for some hours afterwards. The general opinion, however, was an exultant one: the man might be mad, but, at least, he could play, and his presence on board offered inexhaustible sources of amusement.

He was conducted in triumph to the cabin in which everyone assembled to see him eat—which

he did in apostolic fashion, asking no questions. With his violin propped up on the table before him, and the bow lying by his side, he plodded on with admirable persistence through dish after dish, without once raising his eyes to the curious faces of the onlookers. At length, with a chuckle of satisfaction, he pushed the plate away, and without pause clutched his instrument. "A good fiddle, that?" asked someone, by way of opening a conversation. The jaws moved, and for the first time the oracle spoke:—"Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis faciebat, Anno 1706." "Oh!" gasped the interrogator. "A foreigner! Parlez vous Français, monsieur?" Something very like the word "fool" shaped itself on the musician's lips, and I hastily interposed with—"Surely that was in his best period! You have a priceless possession." He smiled, and toyed with the strings as a lover might with his lady's tresses.

"Is it asking too much after your adventures, to beg you to play to us?" I added, with becoming hesitation. He seized a glass from the table, drank off the contents feverishly in long gulps and with strange stertorous breathing, and stood suddenly rigid with the violin and bow in his hands, his head bent downwards, his eyes closed, and a half sardonic smile upon his lips. There was a moment's perfect silence, broken at length by a far away note that scarcely seemed to come from the instrument, but which grew and grew in intensity, until, just when it appeared that no miracle could draw a fuller tone from the strings, the monotone was suddenly shattered by a series of quick leaps of the bow that scattered a shower of notes through the cabin. Then began a music of which the like was never heard by me before or since. I can only give in outline the impressions it made upon me. It was a springtime of gentle breezes and gentler sunshine, of perfect flowers and lyrical bird-notes, of delicate green tapestries woven about the hills and woods, of shepherd's pipings and the lowing and bleating of flocks and herds. It was a village fair where the crowd laughed and danced, and sang and laughed again, of jovial men and coy, glad maidens, who flung jests across the street and kissed in the lanes, of children merry to madness, who ran and called and clapped small hands together. Then the music changed: then came a long hoarse whirring on the lower strings, crossed with strange flashes of fantastic fluting, and afterwards urgent and questioning phrases with breaks of silence. At last a low song arose pleadingly, yet withal proudly and gladly, followed by an answer, not wholly unlike it, but more arch and tricky. Again the hoarse whirring fell across it like a curtain, and out of it grew at last a dance, slow and graceful at first, but quickening ever till at length it broke all bounds and waxed wanton and lascivious. I felt my face flush under the spell of it, but once more the husky murmur broke in upon it, and gave place to a march which swept on and on, faster and faster, merging into a wild clamorous movement. Out of this grew at length a species of hymn, of which the first verse rang out in clear full tones, with almost an organ quality in them. But the second verse had scarcely opened when a weird peal of notes like laughter ran out of the most solemn phrase, to be renewed again and again; until the musician himself, dropping his hands, with violin and bow still in them, to his sides, swayed to and fro in uncontrollable mirth. We were too astonished to know well what to make of the sudden close, and as he relapsed into the abstraction which he had at first shown, there was nothing for it but to leave him to himself.

The evening passed, the violinist had been installed in his berth, and most of the men had disposed themselves for sleep. A feeling of restlessness had driven me on deck, and with a cigar in my mouth I was leaning over the stern watching the white track of foam, with its faint phosphorescent stars, that lay in the schooner's wake. A touch on the elbow, and Adlam's voice roused me. "Look here, hang it all! that fellow has got the berth next

mine, and it looks as though he were going to scratch round it to all eternity. Satan hath murdered sleep—the innocent sleep! Adlam shall sleep no more. What's to be done?" I went down with him between decks, and found the rest listening at the thin partition which separated the sleeping berth from the main cabin.

The "scratching," of which Adlam had spoken, had apparently ceased, and a low smooth undulant cantabile came stealing through; a song that, if it meant anything at all, could mean nothing other than the song of a fair sea-wave after wave of exquisitely pure tone, broken with a little melodious gurgle like the water in the bows of a boat. I had turned to my companions with a look of admiration, and the word "superb" upon my lips, when a straight upward shriek of the violin made me pause. In place of the quiet and soothing air came a huddle of the strangest sounds—harsh and raucous notes from the lower strings, the rasping of the bow on the very wood of the violin alternating with shrill screams at intervals only possible by stupendous feats of bowing. The musician too was disquieted; we could hear him pacing heavily to and fro in the little cabin, knocking himself against the sides, stamping as he went, and breathing heavily. Then the violin gave its shrillest note, a horrible ear-rending note, followed by a short thud on the base string and a silence. The pause, however, was a brief one, for soon the music recommenced, this time with a meaning beyond all doubt. It was the harsh panting laughter, again and again renewed, gaining in strength, and rising in shrillness with every peal, the player himself laughing with the laughter of the strings, till he lost control of the bow, and fell back heavily against the partition in a frenzy of mirth.

My companions caught the contagion and turned away lest they should vex the musician, but to me there was something in it too weird and unearthly to call for laughter, and I could not echo it. It was broken by a quick impatient stamp. The violinist had evidently risen and taken his instrument again. We heard him talking, either to it or to himself, as he carefully tuned it, and then he coughed once or twice, and moved as though taking a firmer attitude. It seemed as though nothing were going to come of it, when he played a brief legato movement and then paused. "Interval of ten minutes," murmured Adlam. "Hush," I whispered, "he is waiting for the piano to finish," and almost as I spoke the violin once more took up the theme. It was a well-known concert piece, and he played it carefully through, counting the rests with perfect precision as though he were being accompanied. Other pieces followed—a classical concert programme, perfectly played, but intolerably interminable to the sleepy group of listeners. No tapping upon the partition or increasingly vehement remonstrances disturbed him, and the indignant pleasure-seekers were soon to be found strwn about the deck in forlorn attitudes. Adlam and I waited after the rest had departed, but even we tired at last. "Give it up," he said sadly. "Here am I, owner of the 'Flying Dutchman,' forced by fate and haughty Juno's unrelenting hate, to receive on board the lively relics of the wandering Jew, and turn in with my crew in the fo'c's'le while he has the state cabin for his fiendish violin. Just hold a candle to my pupils, will you, and see if you think I am still sane." To the fo'c's'le accordingly we went, reassuring ourselves with the delusion that this sort of thing could not go on for ever.

When we awoke next morning the first sounds that greeted us were those of the violin, whose owner was apparently still rampant and unsubdued. It was evident that peace had spread her ruffled wings and forsaken the yacht, and that we were about to essay an altogether novel species of Inferno. From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve, and as Adlam phrased it, from dewy eve till deuced late, the indefatigable soloist dinned into our ears his innumerable miscellanies. When he confined himself to set pieces he was more endur-

able, but his frequent relapses into indefinite cacophony and enharmonic laughter, were almost more than flesh and blood could stand. The cabin performance was a favourite one with him, and the first notes were a sure signal for a general stampede.

Gradually a look of unmitigated misery became habitual to us, the violinist alone preserving a semblance of happiness. He never slept, or, if he did, he played in his sleep. He shambled about the deck, and played in the day-time; the watch heard him making night harmoniously hideous. Poker became obnoxious to us; sunsets were denuded of all sentiment, and reduced to so many blots of crude colour, with a tram-car lamp as a nucleus. We began to see fiddles in the clouds, and Adlam professed himself afraid to fish lest he should bring up a fiddle. Various schemes were proposed to remedy the nuisance. We were making for the north of Ireland, but the wind had fallen, and we had no speedy prospect of sighting even the barrenest spot on which to deposit our encumbrance. Once we asked him if he had ever had the experience of being towed, and having inveigled him into a boat, we succeeded, by slacking out the tow-ropes for about a quarter of a mile, in getting a quiet hour for sleep. But he did not appreciate the trip, and avoided the boat from that time. The skipper, who had wonderfully extended his denunciatory vocabulary, proposed to put him in irons, but Adlam was tender-hearted and afraid of the consequences. Not wholly without reason, for when on the third day some one managed (not without elaborate conspiracy) to secure and conceal the violin, its owner fell into such an utter state of collapse that Adlam, fearing he would die, ordered its instant return to him.

It was with evident satisfaction to all on board that a stiff breeze sprang up to rescue us from the pangs of inaction.

"There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
But hark the music, mariners!"

sang Adlam. The wind, however, was not altogether in favour of our prospective trip, and instructions were given to the skipper to leave Ireland for the nonce to the Irish, and run back to the Clyde. A stormy run we had of it—having to take our meals upon our backs in order to maintain something approaching a perpendicular attitude; but the gaunt and withered fiddler appeared equally at home with his instrument under all circumstances. A string or two succumbed on one occasion when he was floated round the cabin, but he appeared to take additional pride in the manipulation of the remainder. As we beat up to Greenock, some speculation was rife on board as to what we should do with our maniacal genius when we got there,—whether we should go ashore in a body, and sleep straight on for a week at the nearest hotel, leaving him in undisputed possession of the ship, or whether we should put him ashore in his own boat, and be at peace. When we neared the town, however, it became evident that he at least had no anxiety to visit it, for he retired to his berth and declined to come out of it even for his tea. At night, therefore, when we came to anchor, we decided to leave him to himself, and before long were comfortably discussing our supper in the cosiest room of the M'Gulp Hotel.

Our comfort was suddenly broken in upon by the skirl of bagpipes under the window, and two men, moved by a common impulse, springing each to a bell, rang a peal loud enough to have put life into the sainted remains of our hostess's husband. "Waiter, kill that piper!" "Kill piper, yes, sir." "And then go out to the yacht and kill that fiddler." "Kill fiddler, yes, sir. Lost a fiddler the other day, sir." "Eh?" said Adlam. "Fiddler, sir, yes sir, drowned—squall, sir." "Squall? I should think so; done nothing but squall ever since. Waiter, narrate the event." The waiter accordingly chopped up the event in a single sentence, as miscellaneous in its fragmentary verbiage as some of his mistress's dishes. It appeared that

two gentlemen, one long and thin, with a fiddle, the other short and thin, with a beard, had hired a boat for a sail. Nothing more had been seen of them till the long and thin one had floated ashore without his fiddle, some distance down the coast; the conclusion being that some fatal accident had occurred in which both lives had been lost. The waiter was no sooner dismissed than Adlam rose to his feet. "This strikes me as the queerest thing I have heard for some time; what do you think, Norman?" "Just what you think," I answered. "That fellow may have tumbled overboard, but—all things taken together—it is much more probable that it is nothing more or less than murder." "Oh, nonsense," said one of the others. "Very well; nonsense be it then. But this much is clear. The man we found is mad; and maddest of all in the matter of the Stradivarius, which seems to have belonged to the other man. Murders have been committed for less. And besides, if I understood rightly the music he was fondest of playing, it simply told the story of his struggle and triumph to obtain the violin. To my mind the thing is clear. At any rate there is only one thing to be done. Adlam must give the authorities notice of his find, and place the man under their care, though he need not mention his suspicions." "You are right," said Adlam. "Come with me, Norman, and let's square things at once. The rest of you fellows will berth here, I suppose; I shall stay at the schooner."

We strolled down to the police office, and surprised them with the story, though we left them to draw their own inferences; and then, accompanied by an officer, went on board. It was a dark and rainy night, and the sleeping skipper was not grateful to us for calling him up. We went down into the cabin, which was unusually silent, and looked into the berths, but there was no fiddler. "He was here before I turned in," said the skipper, as we went on deck again. The watch was called. "Where's the fiddler?" "In the cabin, I think, sir." "Think!" roared the captain, fuming and tramping round the deck; "why, where the ——— is the ship's dinky?" "Under her stern, sir." "Under her grandmother! Oh . . .!" Indignation left him apoplectically speechless, and he shook the unhappy man by the throat so vigorously that we had difficulty in rescuing him. "Well," said Adlam at length, turning to the police officer, "I must leave the matter in your hands. Apparently he has slipped off in our dinky while the watch was asleep. You had better take measures to secure him."

The measures were duly taken with the usual punctuality and despatch, but this time the disappearance was complete, and we heard of neither dinky nor fiddler again. Possibly he is still drifting, and some voyager to Ultima Thule may yet beat down upon a schooner's boat, with "Flying Dutchman" in weather-worn letters on its stern, and within it a skeleton clasping in its arms the remains of a Stradivarius violin. But whether he be alive, or whether he be dead, I hold still to my version of the story.

NORMAN OLIPHANT.

The Singer.

Guitar in hand, you sit with uplift head,
Darkly against the great gold afterglow;
I hear the measured music quaintly flow,
And yet I hear not: I am with the dead,
By your sweet song's enchantment backward led
To those fair gardens of Boccaccio,
Heavy with loves that sang an age ago
With myrtle and lush roses garlanded.
Ah, dear dark singer in the fading gold,
Change but your song, and you shall win me
thence,
And make me for these truant dreams alone:
Sing me of lions grown weary, hearts grown old;
And I, who sorrow still, for recompense
Will kiss your hand, and think of you alone.

Birmingham Festival Works.

Gounod's "Mors et Vita."

SINCE the production of the "Redemption," Gounod holds the first place in the estimation of the English public as a composer of religious music. It matters not that in his treatment of sacred themes he often relies on a formalism alien to the English spirit, or that his somewhat excessive use of monotone and sequential passages is not at first grateful to ears attuned to Handel and Mendelssohn. Gounod's dramatic colouring, his fervour, his melodic power—which may be all-compelling when he chooses,—his striking instrumentation, win from the English public, so far as its opinion can be heard, a commendation of apparent sincerity. Whether this commendation is to be endorsed by repeated performance, time has not, of course, yet permitted us to see.

The sacred trilogy, "Mors et Vita," will be heard at Birmingham in the latter days of this month, and till then all deliberate judgment of the music must necessarily be deferred. Meanwhile, readers may be glad to possess some preliminary notes regarding the order and nature of the work.

The libretto is understood to have been compiled by M. Gounod himself, and a rapid examination of it shows that it covers the whole domain of religious feeling, and affords the composer opportunities of emotional and descriptive writing of the most varied kind. The motive is summed up in the title: Death of the body and of the soul to which the impenitent are doomed; death as the beginning of an immortal life. The first part of the trilogy, therefore, is devoted to the Requiem mass; the second part describes the transition from death to life by a series of pieces bearing the title "Judgment;" the third part, which is based on the Apocalypse, describes the triumph of the soul and the glories of "Jerusalem celestis."

M. Gounod's musical treatment of his theme is practically on the lines of the "Redemption." The two contending elements in the trilogy—Death and Life—are associated with two themes after the manner of the Wagnerian *leitmotif*, and these play a prominent part in the musical scheme. Another feature which recalls the "Redemption" is the repetition of the phrases with ascension by semitones. An easily-compassed device at the best, this sequential writing was in the earlier work often narrowly saved from being tedious by M. Gounod's masterly handling of the orchestra. It will be seen on performance whether the same kind of work in "Mors et Vita" has intrinsic worth, or has to be set down as a mannerism. In the main M. Gounod pins his faith to the classical masters. He has a double chorus written a *capella* in the style of Palestrina, and there are examples of Italian *cantilena*, while scholastic fugues, orthodox trumpet-calls, harp passages, and other means of picturing eternal woe and heavenly bliss, are freely used. It is in the orchestration that M. Gounod shows his modernness, and perhaps quite as fully in the economy of his means as in the employment of the whole orchestral resources. The string band, as has often been noted in his work, is used less to throw phrases against a sustained melody, than to surprise and thrill the listener with a passionate announcement of the melody in octaves, or to deliver masses of undulant harmony. The climax of the first part, which combines the two motives, is very powerfully wrought out in the orchestra, the organ being called in to add to the splendours of tone.

Of the solos the one, "Felix Culpa," allotted to Madame Albani, may be expected to produce a deep impression, and the Sanctus set for the tenor voice, with choral accompaniments, is in M. Gounod's chastest manner. There are also numer-

ous combinations of single voice, and as it happens that these are written in free melodic fashion, they supply an element which may carry the work very far into popular favour. Of the sustained and lofty seriousness of the whole work it is needless to speak. Its production is an event in which all friends of music as a serious art must feel a deep interest.

Herr Antonin Dvorak's Cantata, "The Spectre's Bride."

HERR DVORAK has chosen a subject of weird interest, and remembering his lyric freshness and the exciting character of his orchestration, it would not be surprising if "The Spectre's Bride" became one of the outstanding features of the Festival.

The subject is one which seems to be born of some fundamental state of the universal mind as it is found in the folk-lore of the Scotch, the Slavs, the Bretons, the Germans, the Italians, and other peoples. The Scottish song, in which the dead William returns to fetch his affianced bride Margaret, gives one version of the tale. Bürger, in his "Lenore," deals with the same legend. Herr Dvorak's librettist is Karel Jaromir Erben, at one time Keeper of the Royal Archives at Prague. The English translation is by K. J. Müller.

Dvorak's treatment of his theme is an intensely earnest one. The composer has not concealed his regard for the English public; and it would seem as if he meant to give a practical testimony of this regard by putting all his strength into this cantata—the first considerable work written by him for an English audience. His musical method, as was to be expected, shows the influence of the moderns, leading motives being freely used. An orchestral introduction leads into a chorus, where the singers in the rôle of narrators describe the stillness of the night, with the disconsolate maiden praying to the Madonna. This is followed by a soprano solo for the maiden, leading up to the music for bass narrator, whose phrases are answered by choral ejaculations. Then the Spectre bridegroom takes up the music, and the scene closes with a highly dramatic duet.

The most notable feature in the second scene is a description of the flight of the Spectre and his bride. This is worked out with great realistic power. Herr Dvorak has employed all his faculty of orchestral colouring to depict the wild career of the pair, and calm or beseeching passages for the maiden's voice alternate with vivid and eerie description.

The third section is opened by the bass narrator. The Spectre is urging the maiden to enter the churchyard, which is "his garden fair," with him. She resists; and after more ghostly work, flies from him to scenes still more spectral. A prayer to the Madonna is the dramatic artifice for breaking the spell. This prayer is said to have been written specially for Madame Albani, and is one of the finest numbers. After it has been heard the story moves uninterruptedly to a placid close. Herr Dvorak's music is not of a kind to be understood by mere perusal of the score, but it is easy to see the sustained power in it, and the variety of resource which finds a fitting tone picture for each scene in the ghostly drama.

Dr Villiers Stanford's Oratorio, "The Three Holy Children."

THE libretto of Dr Stanford's oratorio has been compiled by Dr Hudson. The theme is derived from the third chapter of Daniel; but in accordance with established practice the librettist has drawn largely upon other sacred books. The work is in two parts, the scene of the first being by the waters of Babylon, and the second on the plains of Dura.

After an instrumental introduction in E minor, the voices of the Jewish women are heard singing, "By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept," the theme being borrowed from the opening prelude. The voices employed are two sopranos and two altos, and when the strains subside, a marchlike

movement commences, and proceeds with a gradually increasing power until the voices of the Assyrian soldiers are raised in a commanding chorus. Then follows a soprano solo in C major, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," the solo and choral voices combining in a passionate coda. The next movement is a chorus in A minor, "Down with them," in which, while the orchestra is playing the march, the tenor and bass voices (Assyrians) join in a terrible denunciation of God's house. The succeeding movement is a soprano solo and chorus, "O daughter of Babylon," with a conclusion in E major. In the next number, a chorus, a departure from the dramatic style is made. The opening is in A flat, andante molto maestoso, the voices entering after a short prelude in full harmony to the strains of "The heathen shall fear thy name." After a change of tempo to allegro ma non troppo, a fugue with an independent accompaniment is commenced with the words, "When the Lord shall build up Sion." New subjects are then introduced for the words, "O Jerusalem, look about thee to the East," and the chorus and first part of the oratorio are brought to a conclusion with the thirteen bars of full harmony in lento maestoso tempo. This chorus is detached from the preceding number of the score. All the earlier numbers succeed each other without pauses, so that the whole forms one scene, the motive of which is found in the lamentations of the Jewish people during their Assyrian captivity.

The second part opens with a chorus, "Bel, great is thy name." There is an orchestral introduction in C major; and after a vocal portion running through 125 bars, the key changes to C minor, and the tempo to largo for a trio of Azarias, Ananias, and Misael, "As for the images of the heathen, they are but silver and gold." After an instrumental allegro alla marcia, of thirty-two bars, "O King, live for ever," is introduced. The personal introduction of the Three Holy Children gives dramatic interest to the second part, and from this point the movements of the score succeed each other with scarcely any pause. The Assyrian herald next enters to order all the subjects of the heathen king to worship the golden image which he has set up, and this he does in a bass solo in the key of C major. It may be noted that in the first part of the oratorio all the Assyrian choruses are for two tenors and two basses; but in the second part the choruses, with one exception, are written for the usual four voices. The next movement is chiefly instrumental—an interlude of 143 bars; adagio, in D major, with alternations of slightly varying tempo, the voice passages being merely a repetition of "Bel, great is thy name." The next number, ten in the score, begins with a refrain of Assyrian nobles, "O king, there are certain Jews." The king replies in a solo, "Is it true, do ye not serve my gods?" Then comes the plaint of the three children, "Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace." No. 11 is a chorus in A minor, describing the king's wrath, and the casting of the offending Jews into the fiery furnace. No. 12, after eighteen bars for the orchestra, leads from A minor to A flat major, and introduces Azarias' solo, "Blessed art thou, O Lord God of our fathers." No. 13 is a soprano solo and semi chorus for seven voices, and this is followed by descriptive pieces, until the last number (17) is reached. This is a choral setting of the "Benedicite omnia opera." The exposition occupies forty bars, and then the parts divide. This continues through 121 bars, and then the time quickens till the end is reached. The oratorio is brought to a conclusion with a maestoso to the words, "For His name only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth," a single "Hallelujah" on the chord of C major occupying the last four bars.

Mr Prout's Symphony (No. 3).

BY the courtesy of Mr Prout we are enabled to give a description of his symphony (No. 3) in F major, opus 22.

The first movement is preceded by an introduction of 30 bars (*sostenuto assai*, ♯) opening with a phrase announced by violoncellos, clarinets, bassoons, and horns in unison, and constructed almost entirely of material derived from the first four bars. The following Allegro con trio (F major, ♯) is in regular "duplex" form, the exposition not being repeated. The free fantasia is characterised by the entire absence of episodic matter, the whole of the developments being founded on subjects which have already appeared in the exposition. Towards the end of a somewhat extended coda the subject of the introduction reappears, given out in full harmony by the entire force of the orchestra, after which the movement hastens to a close with a fragment of the first subject.

The slow movement (*Larghetto espressivo*, B flat major, ♯) is in "ternary form," or, as some theorists term it, "a movement of episode." After the tranquil principal subject, the first sixteen bars of which are given to strings alone, the softer wind instruments entering in the second half of the theme, an episode is introduced, beginning with a forcible *tutti* in G minor, and leading up to what, if the movement were in binary form, would be the second subject in F minor. This theme, given first to clarinets and bassoons, and then repeated by the violoncellos with a triplet accompaniment for the first violins, does not recur late in the movement. It is followed by a portion of the first subject, with fresh orchestration, leading to a second episode in E flat, of an entirely different character to the preceding. This episode consists chiefly of passages of dialogue for solo wind instruments, accompanied by muted strings. On the final return of the principal subject, it is considerably varied and ornamented. A short coda, mostly constructed upon a tonic pedal, closes the movement.

The "Intermezzo à l'Espagnol" (*Poco Allegretto*, quasi Andantino, D minor, ♯), which replaces the usual scherzo, will arrest attention by its strongly marked rhythms and the variety of its orchestration. A somewhat novel feature is the employment of three drums as solo instruments. In the middle portion, which takes the place of the trio, the time is changed to ♯. So much of the effect of this movement depends upon the instrumental colouring, that no adequate idea of it can be either given in words or obtained from the arrangement for piano duet. The principal theme, which (as in a rondo) recurs at the close of each section, is on every reappearance differently treated, both as regards harmony and orchestration. It is probable that this may be found the most popular movement of the symphony.

The Finale (*Allegro vivace, e con fuoco*, F major, ♯) opens with six bars of unison for all the strings, after which the chief subject, in three-bar rhythm, is given out by the full orchestra. In the "bridge passage" following the subject, contrapuntal treatment predominates; there is, in fact, more imitative writing in this finale than in any other part of the work. The form here, as in the first movement, is binary, the second subject, first announced by oboes and horns in octaves, being in strongly marked contrast to the first. The free fantasia commences with a short *fugato*, soon followed by the appearance of the second subject in the remote key of B major. Though difficult to describe clearly on paper, the subsequent developments will be easily followed by the hearer. After the customary return of first and second subjects, a coda commences with a new figure (*animato*) for the violins. An abrupt modulation from F to C flat at this place will not escape attention, while another point to be noticed in the coda is the appearance on a dominant pedal of the second subject, now given *fortissimo* to the three trombones in unison, and accompanied by a florid counterpoint for the violins in octaves. A brief reference to the first subject brings the movement and the symphony to a conclusion.

St. Cecilia.

By the Author of "Venetia's Lovers," &c.

CHAPTER X.

"Short vocation."

Fate grants each to stand aside:

Now must thou be man and artist,

'Tis the turning of the tide."

IT was one thing, as Cecilia found, to be a listener to Herr König's music, and another to become his pupil.

Even while he only played to her to give her pleasure, he set her somewhat apart in his choice of music. If a true appreciation of art depends upon an "a priori" capacity for distinguishing the beautiful from the ugly, the false from the true, then he paid her the compliment of considering her an artist in those golden hours he filled with melody, for he held her capable of discerning and accepting the best. With his whole, big German soul he hated that lazy and indifferent confounding of the good with the bad, that makes almost anything under the name of a tune pass for music in England; it was, in his thought, a debasing of his art that was almost immoral.

"You build galleries for your great pictures—na, you pay hundreds, perhaps thousands, for some old master, because he is a king among painters, and you will have him at any cost; your boots must be good, your groceries unadulterated, your houses solid: it is only your music that must be easy, and slight. It must be all on the surface, you say, something that we can all pick up, we who have not an ear among us; we must see the meaning without putting on our intellectual spectacles; we will not dig deep, we will not take trouble."

"And so your composers—Heaven save the mark! go on making 'popular' music, and your concert players and vocalists, if they will earn your gold, must not be 'dull' or 'tedious' or 'heavy,' and so they degrade their high calling for the sake of bread, and you—what do you know of music at all, when the bad seems to you so much better than the good?"

All this the professor thundered at Cecilia, while yet he was her special *Kammermusiker*, bent on pleasing himself by pleasing her, and while the lessons had not so far been thought of. To see the professor play was a great thing in itself. He seemed to grow big with the largeness of his own interpretation; as the music rushed from his fingers and swelled out into splendour, his broad chest expanded, his head was thrown back, his nostrils dilated; in passages of devotion or quiet rapture a smile would light his homely face like sunshine. He exhausted the whole gamut of emotions, and Cecilia tremulously echoed him. She was elated, depressed, made joyous, triumphant, sorrowful with him. And he was not content with the mastery of her emotions, it was not enough that she should be swayed by the best; he was jealous of an *understanding* love.

To feel is a great deal, but to know is better. So he talked to her of Bach's noble severities, or of Schumann's deep meanings, and when he analyzed a sonata of Schubert's, and traced it from the first seed-thought to the beautiful and perfect flower, she found that her reverence and love were not less but more. For all art that is true and honest remains quite unshaken by any theory you may form of its conception, or any attention you may give to its construction; your admiration but increases the more you examine it.

The professor could not have found a better or more charmed listener in all Edinburgh, than the young Scotch girl with the grave face and shining eyes: the evening hour came to be the one absorbing thought of all her day; to be poor, sometimes

cold, always ill-dressed; to lack many things that other people had, seemed to matter nothing at all now—in having music this poor, little, second-hand St. Cecilia had everything.

Hugh could no longer have accused her of severities towards her pupils: she was severe only with herself, trying to reach up to the higher standard set before her; to be worthier of the piece of sweet fortune that had come into her lot.

Perhaps nobody was so surprised as the Herr Professor when he found that his eager and most appreciative hearer was herself a musician. He had expected so little in England; by which, after the manner of foreigners, he always meant Scotland as well. No doubt Scotland, apart from the sister country, has its great store of national lyrics, of war and love songs, the most passionate, patriotic and pathetic in the world, but it is one thing to appreciate a Jacobite lament and even to render it with sympathy—almost any young Scotch girl who loves her country's traditions, and has even a very little gift of song, can do that—but to please and surprise a German professor, used to all sorts of scientific gravities, that is a very different affair.

Not that Cecilia was one of those abnormal people who, chiefly in books, spring like a full-grown Minerva equipped at every point, upon the world. She lacked the training that even genius cannot do without, but she was happy in having a natural gift that was worth much shaping and tutoring—a musical organisation so fine and delicate that her singing was instinctively pure and true, and sweet as a silver bell.

When it came to be a question of lessons for one who so thirsted to be taught, what could Susan do but yield? It requires a good deal of simplicity to accept any grace from another, but Susan was simple and single-hearted as the professor himself, and she took as she would have given. Aunt Lennox would, no doubt, have wrung her hands and thought the arrangement most unconventional and improper, but as regards worldly wisdom—that wisdom by which we shape our actions to suit the accepted pattern—the professor and Susan were alike innocent as babies. Perhaps it is unconventional to be grateful, but that did not withhold the sisters from making life very easy to their musician in return for the joy he gave Cecilia. Susan was cunning enough to recognise the best road even to a German professor's good-nature, and had surprisingly good things now always ready for him to eat; his stockings and gloves never, by some magic, had any holes in them now; his shirt cuffs were no longer frayed.

By the time the lessons had begun, the poor player on the big drum had gone to his final rest. The professor, from the hour when Hugh summoned him in the grey of the breaking morning, had been for some days little at home, and when at length he came back he was grave, and played only sad and minor airs. Cis did not know why he chose the march from the "Sinfonia Eroica" that commemorates the death of a hero, though she felt the thrilling significance of the music; but Liddy knew, and she brushed the tears out of her bright eyes as she thought of the poor little life-story Hugh sketched for her—that story that had nothing heroic in it to outward sight and that came to an end so soon.

Cis who had an incapacity for observing the details of life, had perhaps never heard of the young foreigner at all, though later her thoughts were often turned towards him; she was busy and absorbed; too busy to miss Hugh, who seldom came now, or even to think that he had been long in coming.

As a teacher the professor was tremendous. There was no more a question of pleasing or of giving pleasure; to be a pretty young lady listening to music is all very well—one may find it very agreeable to give her delight, but when one aspires to stand in the glorious company of artists, one ceases to be a young lady, and becomes a worker to be dealt with in earnest. Cis was zealous, eager as her master, and after the first hour she put by her

fears. To be scolded, repressed, even frowned at, is not so depressing as Miss MacBride held it to be; for after all, to be deemed worthy of snubbing is to have taken the first small step on the long and stony road that leads to success. If Cis had sung a little song by Claribel with the slipshod proficiency that is quite satisfying to a drawing-room audience, the professor might have thanked her blandly, and even paid her the compliments that are a charming girl's due, however bad an artist she may be, but he took Cis with such very great seriousness that he never paid her any compliments at all.

"You have had little teaching," he said. "Na! there is the less to undo" (this was his uncomplimentary way of viewing his art as practised in Scotland). "But," his voice grew deep and emphatic, "there is much yet to do."

"I will do it," said Cis, feeling that the simple words had a sacramental solemnity for her.

"So—Then we shall begin."

But apparently he was not yet quite ready for the beginning. For the first thing he did was graciously but firmly to usher Miss Bogie and Miss MacBride out of the room.

"I never allow any one to be present while I give my lessons," he said in his genial way, "and two such amiable ladies would, I fear, distract my pupil."

"I'm sure we'll never utter a word," Miss MacBride protested, unwilling to be routed, but Herr König was firm.

"In work we must be earnest, afterwards comes play," he said with convincing emphasis. Perhaps if the real truth were known, the good ladies' presence had an irritating effect on his own nerves. Miss MacBride had an unconquerable incapacity for sitting still; the air about her was full of small rustles and whispers that caught and tantalized the ear, and hardly less trying to a sensitive organization was the steady upward and downward stab of Miss Bogie's needle through the canvas in those endless lines of grounding.

The professor gallantly carried off the embroidery frame, and the cat and the dog and the big patterns—those dreadful brilliancies with which Berlin once flooded poor England—but he hardly made his peace with the offended ladies even by his promise of a Scotch recital after the lesson was over. Miss Bogie said that she always understood the Germans were very rude, and she revived that spectre of a social democrat that had slumbered in her mind for a time. Miss MacBride was characteristically more occupied with the improper aspect of the affair; it wore so doubtful a complexion to her that she sat one whole evening wrapped in a big shawl in the dark behind the green baize door, in order that she might have the dim comfort of chaperoning Cecilia unseen. The lesson seemed very long indeed to the hearer shut out. She retired from her self-elected duty rather cold and stiff, with the conviction that the teaching of the present was very inferior to that of her youth.

"It was all the same thing over and over," she assured Maria, seated comfortably at the fire; "it would have been very dull work after all, for you and me, especially if we had to hold our tongues; there wasn't a single tune the whole time." The dullness of the lesson was a comforting guarantee to Miss MacBride; lively airs might have had a dangerous side, but nobody could suspect any levity underlying those severe exercises.

"If Cecilia had only taken to that music I gave her," sighed Miss Bogie, "that *was* music. But then I was considered to be very proficient in Italian."

"I'm afraid Cecilia must be slow in taking it up," Miss MacBride chimed in. "I heard the professor say she wasn't to have a song for months!"

That fiat had indeed gone forth, though not perhaps on the grounds suggested by Miss MacBride.

"You young ladies will always make the embroidery first," Herr König said one evening, with a smiling frown at Liddy who had curled herself

up on the broad low window seat. Somehow Liddy had made of late a habit of stealing in to share the lessons, and there was never a hint of turning her out. She sat very still, it is true, her curly head bent over her work.

"Embroidery is about the last thing that comes into our thoughts," she said, looking up with a smile at him; "the plain sewing of life is all we can grapple with. It is all Susan and I are fit for, but we hope better things of Cis some day. Cis is to have a fairy godmother, and all sorts of wonderful and beautiful things. Has she been telling you that?"

"Fräulein Cäcilie has been telling me that she will be a great singer."

"And you haven't been quenching her, I hope?" Little Liddy looked into the big good face with reproachful eyes.

"I have been pointing out the way that is best to reach the great end. There is a way that is good and a way that is bad even in this that you sew; is that not so, mein Fräulein?" The professor picked up some yards of muslin that had fallen from Liddy's lap and restored them gravely to her keeping.

"Oh yes," she laughed; "but I didn't think you'd find out I had hemmed it on the wrong side."

"May one ask what it is for—a dress, perhaps?"

"It is a window curtain."

"And you will do it once more?" he smiled under his beard.

"I must," said Liddy, plaintively. "You have stirred my conscience, and it won't give me any rest now."

The professor laughed, as he wheeled round and went to the piano, where his pupil stood turning over the music leaves with wistful eyes.

"We will put temptation away," he said as he lifted the sheets from the desk. "To sing the great music well we must begin with the little; we must walk first if we would run by-and-by."

The road the professor pointed out to Cecilia was ugly and bare enough in Liddy's thinking to be the right one. That fine instrument the human throat, with its small treasures of notes, we are apt to think should do its work without any training at all. "You have just to open your mouth and it all comes," is still the popular theory. It comes, yes, but just as skill on the violin comes after much toil and pain, and mastery over the piano after weary exercises of wrist and fingers. Have not the very birds to learn their chorus anew every spring?

Yet sometimes even in those exercises that were not ideally beautiful Cecilia had a look as of one to whom the heavenly guiding has indeed been revealed—who hears and aspires, and will one day excel. To be dead in earnest, with the whole soul bent to the task, gives a sort of sublimity and dignity to almost any kind of work.

Liddy did not understand the music, or even find it anything but ugly and almost tiresome, but she understood the look on Cis's face, and was glad.

"Don't you think the fairy godmother isn't so very far off?" she asked the professor, wistfully, when, the lesson at an end, he went again to the worker by the window. "I almost think I can hear her distant wheels."

"For me," said the professor looking rather solemn (a German always is solemn even over a solar myth), "my sympathy with *Aschenbrödel* has always ceased from the moment the prosperity begins. And you, mein Fräulein?"

"I think yours is a very pleasant sort of feeling for the people who must always sit among the cinders." She looked up, her face dimpling in spite of its demureness. "It is very comfortable to think the riches, and the prince, and the glass slipper rather vulgar; one can change one's mind, if ever one is tempted by a nearer vision. This is a curtain for your window, Herr Professor," she said, with a quick transition. "I have done all the wrong bit right, so I hope you won't be vexed by the sight of it."

"Why do you do this for me?" he asked, rather more seriously than the occasion seemed to demand.

"Because I like it," said Liddy, gathering all the muslin folds in her arms and springing away.

The professor looked vacantly at the empty window-seat, and all round the large, bare room; and for the first time since he sat down to storm Edinburgh, he felt that he was rather lonely.

XL

It was a November afternoon, not the London November of fog and smoke, but one of those clear and "snell" days that in the North bridge autumn and winter, and are in one breath cold and bright, alluring and repelling. There was a shrewish edge in the air that lurked sharply at corners, but every downward sloping cross-street in grey, stately Edinburgh opened up a vista of steely Forth and yellow sand and far inland country drawn strangely near, where winter sat white on Highland heights ruminating a descent on the Lowlands. Grey and grim and sad of mood, truly, is our Lady of the North, too often, but we forgive her much when she draws aside her veil, and relenting shows us all the noble beauty that presses to her borders and girds her royally.

It was a day when stepping from an open carriage made the pretty Lennox girls look rather pinched and pink, even in the sheltering warmth of Princes Street, but it was the very day for a ride, as Adam Lennox told himself when he set out from the family mansion after luncheon.

Adam Lennox was not at all in the habit of doing unusual things; on the contrary, he was careful to fulfil all the comfortable duties that are expected of an only son and brother. He spent a good deal of money, and met an occasional loss at billiards with a good grace; dressed correctly, was careful not to know the wrong people, and gave no more time to business than was absolutely necessary to save his credit in his father's eyes. He went to dances and balls with the girls when no pleasanter engagement offered, and he was a perfect dragon of propriety as far as they were concerned, making an introduction to them almost a matter of royal favour. But then, in return for this moral and social supervision, he expected entire devotion in matters that concerned his personal well-being: they must be ready at his bidding when he wanted them to walk or drive with him; to go with him to the tennis-court when it pleased him to enjoy a game; to play or sing to him while he lazily lay on the sofa after dinner. They were good-natured girls, and the pride that some women have in a man who shows his strength and superiority a little tyrannically was strong in them. Adam had only to call out "I say girls!" at the bottom of the stairs for a whole chorus of voices to answer him from above; he did not trouble to go up, for he was lazily certain that Mary or Susie, Ethel or Amy, would come flying down to him. Adam was a young lord on whom they all waited, pleased only that he should be pleased, but from whom they never expected anything in return beyond the advice and criticism he was ready to bestow. He told them with candour when the fashion of their dress displeased him; he could be despotic enough in his commands when he forbade them to recognise any man who was objectionable in his eyes; he had but to say, "You mustn't bow to so-and-so," and poor so-and-so was, so far as the Misses Lennox are concerned, non-existent. They were very ready to obey, but they never dreamed of giving Adam commissions to do as an offset to this pretty deference. On a wet day when wools had to be matched, or novels fetched from the library, no one dreamed of appealing to the young master of the house for help.

Thus when Adam followed his mother into her own room after lunch on this particular November day, and offered to carry or deliver a certain note for her she was a little surprised.

"What note, dear?" she asked, wondering what

could make Adam look so odd and determined, and, at the same time, so—why, was it?

"You said you were going to ask the Raeburns to this musical affair next week. I am going out that way, and I'll deliver the message as I pass."

"Oh yes!" said Mrs Lennox, quite touched by this delightful thoughtfulness on her dear boy's part, "how nice of you to think of it! I had quite forgotten that I had asked Cecilia till Susie reminded me. The girls want her to play something while we elders go down to supper; it won't so much matter then as people are sure to talk by that time. But you needn't trouble to go out of your way, dear, about the note. It can go by post; indeed, I left it with some others on the lobby table for Archer to take."

This was enough for Adam, and he turned to go, when, as if struck by an afterthought, he paused at the door and look round.

"There's to be a hop after the music business is over, isn't there?" he asked.

"Your sisters proposed a dance. The professor will be there at any rate, you see, and he can play for the young people."

"You'd better ask another of those Raeburns," said Adam, cutting short his mother's explanations, and speaking a little constrainedly. "If the other one can't play, I daresay she can dance."

"Susan?" said Mrs Lennox doubtfully, slow to receive any new idea. "I don't think she would care about it, and Liddel is certainly too young to be out yet." She paused with a rush of embarrassed thoughts, to which she could not give speech, and then, suddenly made aware that Adam still waited at the door, she broke out hurriedly: "Yes, dear, it's good of you to think of it. I'll write another note. Oh, if you are in a hurry, you might leave a message. Say that I will be delighted if Susan will come with Cecilia and Liddel too. She is very young, but it's not like a ball."

"All right," said Adam calmly, turning away, but this time it was his mother who detained him.

"Do you know the way, dear?" she said, laying her hand on his shoulder. A shade of embarrassed shame crossed her kindly face; if she had done her duty, Adam would not stand in need of any guidance to reach his cousin's home. "It is an old house, and—You'd better take Susie; she has been there with me. She will know."

But Adam went off without compromising himself on the question of Susie.

"I can find the house," he said, not thinking it needful to add that he had passed within sight of it more than once of late.

When his mother went to the drawing-room he had already mounted, and was some distance on his way. Susie was curled up comfortably on the hearthrug, with a white kitten in her arms.

"Why, Susie!" said her mother, "I thought you were riding with Adam!"

"Is he gone?" asked Susie, with a ring of disappointment in her voice. "Oh, I hoped he would take me to-day. I half promised we'd call for Ella Harper."

"He has gone out west. He is going to ask your cousins for the dance. It was quite his own thought," said Mrs Lennox, still a little bewildered between surprise and admiration and some sensations that were less pleasant to her self-love, perhaps.

"Adam!" cried Susie, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"Yes, it was the dear boy's own suggestion. But, Susie," the bewilderment deepened into distress in her tone, "I don't believe they've any clothes fit to come in, and one doesn't want them to appear odd, poor girls, and—people will talk, you know."

Susie looked for a moment grave over this possible calamity. It was easier for her to picture the "talk" than to understand the low ebb of fortune that meant no new dresses; then, as a new thought crossed her, something like a laugh dawned in her eyes.

"Oh, they will manage," she said, wishing to be comforting. "Susan looked quite splendid the other day—you could have bought all her clothes for a sovereign, I believe. She made Mabel Lenormant look positively plain."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Lennox, with an edge of reproach in her tone; "Mabel is quite distinguished-looking, in her own style, and she is a dear girl. Of course, cousin Susan is very nice too, and one wants these poor girls to have some pleasure." She sighed as if the benevolent wish cost her something. "It was very nice of Adam to think of them."

"Oh, very," Susie laughed, thinking her own little thought; but seeing her mother look grave and perplexed, she restrained it. "They will manage nicely, I am sure, mamma," she repeated, stroking the white fur ball in her arms. "Some girls can wear rags and yet look like queens."

All this while in the bright, keen afternoon, Adam was speeding with his message. He looked his best on horseback, and, perhaps, some of that best was due to the noble chestnut he rode. He was one of the people who are both difficult and yet very easy to describe. There is so little to say about them that you feel a doubt least there should be depth unexplored and beyond your ken.

When you said that this particular young man had eyes, a nose and a mouth, and a very carefully tailored person, you had told the whole apparent sum. He was not clever, nor particularly good, nor even remarkably good-looking: he was like a hundred other young men who lounge in clubs, smoke expensive cigars, look at the world through an eye-glass, and are themselves faint as unskilful water-colour sketches in our gallery of living portraits. Yet who is so poor a creature that he is not interesting to himself—who that at twenty-four does not play his part more or less dramatically though he be sole spectator as well as actor in the scene?

At this moment the blood was a little brisk in Adam's veins, and the colour showed warm under the fair skin he inherited from the Lennoxes; his horse, with the fine and subtle sympathy that noble friend of man so well understands, felt the exhilaration of his mood and bounded on gallantly. Adam, indeed, was pleased with himself, with his diplomacy, with the spice of a new sensation there was in seeking out his cousin's home. It did not shame him as it did his mother that he should be going to it for the first time; it was a complacent satisfaction to him that he was going now.

As he turned down the leafless lane, the white house so bravely hidden by summer green was betrayed by the naked branches; with the sight of it there came to him the sound of a droning wheel, and relieved against it the high, glad note of a girl's laugh. Adam felt almost shy, but as his fingers closed about the letter which was his passport he regathered confidence. The laughter came from Liddy whom the bright sunshine had allured out of doors; Susan, too, had dropped the never-ending task for an idle moment of folded hands and a deep breath of the keen-edged air, but it was Liddy who first saw the rider—a prince, was it, riding so bold and free, with the sun glancing on his horse and transfiguring the horseman too, till he looked "a very perfect gentle knight?"

"It is Adam Lennox," she said, as he came out of the dazzling light into a band of shadow; she drew a deep breath half of disappointment, half of dismay. No prince out of fairydom, but fashionable, exclusive cousin Adam came to spy out the nakedness of the land—perhaps to renounce his kinship with cousins who stooped to take boarders.

"Have you come with a message?" she said, going a step forward as the young man dismounted and held his horse by the bridle.

"Yes," said Adam, rather awkwardly, his eyes going furtively past Liddel to the tall figure seen against the door, "I want your sister."

Susan looked strong and beautiful as she leaned against the lintel, the sun making a warm glow for

her to stand in. There was nothing faint or uncertain about her; with her dark hair and eyes, and the cloudy red of her complexion, her tall and noble figure, she might have inspired the great Venetian master and added to his fame.

"I have two sisters," said Liddel, piqued into mischief by Adam's disregard of her; "one of them you can see, and the other you can hear," for Cecilia could indeed be heard soaring and dwelling on high, lark-like notes—"which of them do you want?"

Susan saved him the necessity of a choice by coming forward, calm and grave. Stately, Adam called her in his heart, feeling half abashed before the earnest glance of her dark eyes.

"How do you do?" she said quietly, giving him her hand, "won't you come in?"

"I can't leave my horse," he answered reluctantly. "You haven't a man about?"

"Our footman is out at this moment," said Liddy with great gravity, yet dimpling with mischief, "and the butler's feelings would be hurt if we asked him to do anything menial. What would happen to the railing if we tied your horse to it?"

"He wouldn't stand," said Adam, looking a little sulky and embarrassed under Liddy's nonsense. "It doesn't matter, it's only a note from my mother. If you don't mind waiting in the cold."

"Oh, we don't mind waiting," said Liddy in an indescribable voice, feeling that if you were going to be repudiated by your relations the outer circumstances might as well be in keeping, but Susan interposed in her grave, decided fashion.

"Liddy," she said, "I think the miller would let one of his men come and hold the horse if you asked him, and then cousin Adam could come in and rest."

Liddy opened her eyes at this magnanimity, but she ran off at the suggestion.

"What is your horse's name?" asked Susan, stroking the chestnut's arching neck. The creature turned great, understanding, loving eyes at her, as who should say: "we are both brave and strong, we two."

"I call him Prince," said Adam, growing easier now that saucy Liddy was gone. "He's a strong brute, but he's awfully gentle. My sister Mary has ridden him. He carries a lady quite well: you could ride him capital, his pace is so easy. If you care about riding—"

"I think I should care about it very much if I knew how," said Susan, simply.

"Oh, you could soon learn," Adam answered with growing confidence, thinking how splendid she would look on horseback.

"Yes, I think one could come to a private understanding very soon with a Prince like this—if one had leisure and skill and money," she answered, turning to him with a smile. "What a lot of secrets you and your horse must have, cousin Adam!"

"I would teach you to ride," he put in eagerly, feeling for the support of his eye-glass.

It was just at this moment that Herr König came down the lane, his violin case tucked under his arm, his long hair tossed back as he hummed an air, beating time with a hand on his chest. Through his gleaming spectacles he saw a pretty picture that for a moment displaced Raff's "Lenore" in his thoughts. A young man, a maid, and a horse—the grouping is common enough in art, and might serve to illustrate almost anything—a tryst, an elopement, a good-bye before the wars. Then the picture melted and changed: the miller's man came and held the bridle; the young man and maid went within, and it was Miss Liddy of the curly head who greeted the big professor.

"Do you think he will bite?" she asked, as Herr König viewed the chestnut with approval. "Wouldn't you like to get on his back, Herr König, and ride away to the Fatherland?"

"And what would his Highness the Prince say?" asked the smiling German, remembering the Cinderella myth.

"Oh, it's only cousin Adam come to scold," said

Liddy, opening her eyes. "I think, to be effectual, he should have done it on horseback; his courage will all ebb away when he finds himself alone with Susan. Susan doesn't mean it, but it's a little like, 'will you walk into my parlour, said the spider to the fly,' you know."

"Is your sister so terrible a young lady, then?" asked the professor, sufficiently amused by this light prattle to linger in the bright air, though all the while he had an ear for Cis, singing high, sweet notes, unconscious of listeners, in her own little room.

"When you do anything wrong, Susan is like an avenging conscience," said Liddy, strongly.

"Gut; es geht schon," murmured the professor, and Liddy glancing at him knew that his thoughts had gone at a bound to the singer who had perhaps excelled herself at that moment.

"That's the worst of your musical people," she said to herself as she ran indoors, "they're not to be counted on for ordinary uses. At any minute they may become deaf to your very best epigram."

Cousin Adam was not being demolished in the parlour as she had pictured, but he looked disappointed, for he had failed in his mission.

"I don't dance," Susan was saying. "Oh, yes, I daresay I should like it—like riding and other things, if it came into my life—but when one has other things to do—"

"Do you always put duty first?" said Adam, a little disconsolately.

"Do you think it should come second?" Susan asked, with a hovering smile, yet looking at him in her direct, straightforward way.

"It's so awfully unpleasant," he said, staring round the room. It was a hideously ugly room to eyes used to the latest outcomes of art and culture, to gentle tones and tints, and soft falling draperies; he had not realised that his cousin's life was so bare and ungarnished. Yet how finely the poor room set off her young strength and beauty, as he looked at her. Poor colourless Adam felt for a passing second that her sustaining courage might make even unpleasant things endurable.

"When it becomes a duty for me to learn dancing I'm sure to think it delightful," said Susan, smiling now. "But I should like to practise in private. Here is Liddy, she will answer for herself."

"I always think exactly like Susan," said Liddel, looking demurely at her cousin; "so it's no good asking me anything. You may take my small mind as wrapped up in hers."

"Aunt Catherine wants us to go to a dance after the musical party, Liddy," said Susan, with her strong wish to be just and honest, most chiefly where she was least sympathetic. "It is very kind of her to ask us, and you might perhaps like it."

"Oh, dear no, dancing is only for frivolous people like my cousins," said Liddy, plaintively. "You may be as frivolous as you like when you are rich, it's a privilege then, but it's a crime when you're poor. It would be guilt against our consciences to come; thank you all the same."

Adam screwed his glass in his eye, and let it fall again. His sagacity, never very keen, afforded him no guide to a little person like Liddel, and he was half piqued, half affronted before her sauciness.

"Do you never dance?" he asked, perplexed.

"We execute a kind of war-dance sometimes, on very special occasions, but it's quite a private step; it's copyright, you know, and we really can't make it public."

"Won't you come to the musical affair, then?" he asked, his glance wandering back to Susan and staying there.

"Cecilia will come," she answered at once.

"And she will sing if you ask her," Liddy struck in in quite a new and eager tone. "Be sure you ask her. It isn't like our dancing, she really can do it."

"I believe you could dance if you chose," said Adam, going away puzzled, and perhaps not wholly

pleased, being used to a larger measure of consideration from young ladies.

"As if there could be any doubt!" cried Liddel, when they had watched young Lennox mount and go. They lingered to look after him riding up the lane now full of deepening shadows; the miller's man lingered too, with a pleased grin that was eloquent.

"For a young man who can fling away half-crowns he is the very densest—most limited—"

"You were rude to him, Liddy," interrupted Susan, who had strong views on the question of hospitality.

"Oh, who could help it!" cried the young girl, "it's like talking to an empty sack. He has no ideas of his own, and he can't even appropriate yours when you pour them into him. He believes I could dance! does he?"

"You might have gone; we could have managed somehow," said Susan, reading the wistfulness in the bright eyes, and immediately eager to gratify the unspoken wish.

Liddy shook her head. "We've only one company gown, and that must be for Cis."

"If we had only been of a height," Susan began, still unsatisfied.

"If I had been tall like you, you mean—tall and splendid," she looked up with admiration at the straight, gracious figure. "I'll tell you what, Sue, I wish we could go as lady's maids—or anything—just to hear Cis sing. That would be a revelation! And Cis will never tell us about it."

"Herr König will."

"Oh, I don't know," said Liddy, rather peculiarly, "he can be rude, too—like me," she laughed. "After all, there is nobody so nice as Hugh who snubs us."

XII.

MEANWHILE Hugh Jardine, waiting all these years, as he supposed, for the voice that should be his true guide, suddenly found his future irradiated by a new light which beckoned him alluringly. Very often in the loneliness of his garret—for he was both too poor and too busy to cultivate the social side of his nature largely—he had allowed his imagination to take a wide flight over the future, questioning the unseen years and asking of them their history. He could not be quite satisfied with any sketch that others outlined for him. The home traditions, that are so binding with most of us, destined a pulpit for him—a small country parish, with its prescribed round of duties and its limited social opportunities; two sermons every Sunday, delivered to a peasant audience; a visit once a year to the Scotch capital, in that May month when winds are cold, and black coats gather in the streets, and the hum of ecclesiastic courts seems to dominate other city sounds. This calm and even round, that his forebears had trodden contentedly enough, did not seem to Hugh sufficiently to meet the needs that made a demand for some life that should be more full and vivid, more personally liberating to heart and mind.

The world as seen from a high garret has necessarily many disenchantments, even in those early morning hours of one's life, when mere existence is delightful, and work is still grasped with enthusiasm; but Hugh was young enough to feel that the future, and all that lies behind the veil of immediate experience, must be more opulent than the present, just because it had the glamour of the unrevealed about it.

He wanted to make the most and highest of his gift of days, and it did not seem to him, uncalled to the work as he was, that the preaching of sermons, hampered and prescribed by the narrow criticisms of a session of ruling elders, was the best good to which he could lend himself. So while he stood on the summit of his youth, as it were, not knowing which travelling road to choose, he counted it among the best favours of fortune when, one happy day, he found himself free to take and

accept the life of an Oxford undergraduate. Free by virtue of his own hard work which had won him the money-right to culture; free to carve out his own fortune, without drawing on the loving self-denial of the old folks at home.

It was perhaps natural that Hugh should dream great things of the life of collegiate silence by the Isis; to him it was a land of hope, the dwelling-place of everything that was good and brave, where one could have liberty of soul and room to discriminate and choose. The time was yet to come when Oxford, too, should hold sad disenchantments for him, but in the first flush of his satisfaction his own horizon seemed to widen in beautiful and harmonious completeness with the new world into which Cecilia was drifting.

They were both travellers now, and though their paths might seem to diverge at the outset, they must surely meet at the last. Hugh no longer grudged that refining and developing of all her capacities and intuitions that music meant for Cis; it was easier to sympathise with, and be a sharer in her delight, now that he was free to conform to the highest ideals he could define for himself—by which it will be seen, as he told himself with a thrill of shame, that his love was half unworthy jealousy after all.

Nevertheless, his need to make a late amendment, and to rejoice even now with Cis, was imperious enough to take him very soon out to the quiet country house. He had not seen Cis since the night when her singing had made a little epoch and turning-point for her—the night when death had come to silence with its sharp rebuke his little trivialities; and the desire to see Cis, now that he was happy, was urgent.

He remembered, before he left the region of shops and struck into the forsaken country, that it was her birthday, and he stopped at a great nursery that spread itself stragglingly over the outskirts not yet claimed by the builders. A long, wide row of greenhouses glittered under the gaslights, and Hugh pulled the outer bell, feeling sure that some gardener must be on duty to watch the night seasons for all these tender exotics—to keep aglow the fires that were the breath of their life.

A man did indeed come at his summons, and after a moment's hesitation let him in, for Hugh, made a little reckless by his brighter prospects, gave quite a lavish order. He wanted everything that was beautiful and sweet out of this many-flowered garden for Cis's birthday bouquet, and as he followed his guide in the languid, tropical air, and inhaled the heavy scent of the sleeping flowers, he felt as if nothing short of the whole would satisfy him. To environ Cecilia with fair surroundings, where her eager receptivity should be abundantly fed by all that was good and beautiful—that is what he would have done for her if he could, and instead he was a poor student, and she as poor as he, and his handful of flowers was all he could give her on St Cecilia's Day.

He shielded them carefully from the light in a great envelope of newspaper, and went his way under the shining stars to share his good news with her, sure beforehand of her pleasure in it.

It was perhaps, then, a little hard that he should have fallen on the very night when Cis was going to the long-talked-of "musical" at her aunts. Another time he would have been summoned to act as her escort, her knight, but now she was going with Herr König.

"Did you never know anything so funny," cried Liddy, who had flown down to greet him when she heard that he had come. "The professor who is giving the Lennox girls lessons is *our* professor; we only found it out yesterday, and of course Cis and he are going to the party together."

"It seems to me they are always together," said Hugh, stirred by a jealous pang.

"Naturally," said Liddy, tranquilly, but dimpling into smiles. "When two people have a music soul between them, you can't expect them to keep apart. They've a 'little language' of their own that we

can't understand."

"What is Cis going for?" Hugh asked, with some natural irritation. "This was not the reception he had expected." "She doesn't teach the Lennox girls."

"She is going to astonish them, I think," said Liddy, "though Aunt Catherine no doubt imagines it will be all the other way. We were asked, too, Sue and I; and, Hugh, Adam Lennox thinks I could dance, if I tried very hard!"

She danced an airy little pirouette, and dropped him a deep curtsy.

"Can't I see Cis?" Hugh asked, smiling in spite of himself.

"Impossible." Liddy shook her curls. "She is in the hands of her tirewomen. Miss MacBride and Miss Bogie, Aunt Jessie, and Susan are all actively engaged in the business, and I am giving them the benefit of my valuable criticism. Oh, did you bring those flowers for her? Chrysanthemums, and maiden-hair, and orchids—you most extravagant boy!" She peeped behind the paper screen with wide opened eyes. "You must have given a king's ransom for them. How much did they cost?"

"You had better take them to her," said Hugh, suddenly relaxing his jealous grasp of the flowers, and holding them out to Liddy. He cared no longer to give them himself; they had almost lost their meaning for him.

Liddy gave him a side-long look, and put her hands firmly behind her back.

"I'm not going to do your messages, you shall give them yourself," she said. "I'll go and hurry her; she does not know you are here."

But Hugh was restless, and when she left him he went upstairs and knocked at the door of the west room. There was a hearty response from within, and he entered. Even before he opened the door he knew that he should find the professor at the piano. Strange power of sound, that always enchains and never wearies. Hugh felt the world rather large and dreary about him, and he was conscious of a growing isolation; he could not keep step, as it were, with these enthusiasts.

"What are you playing?" he asked, going up and leaning on the piano, thinking that perhaps the name might bring enlightenment.

It was the March from Raff's "Lenore," to which the musician had been keeping time one day before as he saw the cousins in the lane. Some train of association had brought it back again; but, after all, the name, which conveyed nothing, did not help Hugh to a warmer assent in the music.

"Are you going to play that to-night?" he asked. Herr König brought the March to an end with a little crash.

"Herr Gott!" he exclaimed with vehemence, jumping up, "waste Raff's glorious sweetness on the desert air of your England."

"I thought you had come to teach us what we ought to admire," said Hugh, unable to resist the sneer.

The big German laughed good-humouredly.

"We must go softly," he said, "chi va piano, va sano. One gives a child milk and not strong meat, nicht wahr?" he reverted to his rapid German. "You are all children here in England; you have had no school of music since the days of your Elizabeth, who played the virginal passably well. You pay more than any other nation for your music, and you applaud—yes, but your applause is not intelligent; you receive the bad and the worthless with the same praise that you give to the good and conscientious."

"At least our gold goes into your pockets," said Hugh, rather grimly. "It's notorious how we run after anyone with a foreign name, and disbelieve in our own artists. We let them starve while we enrich you."

"Ei!" cried the professor, "you do but encourage the impostors; you are miserably deceived, and the way you push bad singers, yes, and bad players too, is a scandal. Since anyone who calls himself *Künstler*, or who plays well or

vilely, will please you, what inducement has an artist to give you of his best? If he be not true in himself, he will give you his second best, and laugh at your praise in his heart. It is your ignorance; you do not know. Our Schumann spoke the word when he said, '*Englischer Komponist, kein Componist*.'"

"I think you have found one person in Scotland who can appreciate you," said Hugh, urged by the strange inconsistency of man to take Cecilia's part.

"You would speak of the Fräulein Cacilie," said the professor, bowing with respect at the mention of her. "Yes, she has the gift; a delicate organ, pure and true. In my country she would have been a great singer."

"You mean that she must go there to become one?" Hugh asked. He felt that sooner or later she must embrace the wider life; the inner impulse towards escape was too strong to be quelled.

The professor shot out his lip. "The learning should have begun before," he said. "The Fräulein is—how old, perhaps?"

"Eighteen to-day," said Hugh, with a smile, for the door opened and Cis came in. At the sight of her he forgot his pangs and vague fears. He had never seen her like this before. His young cousin, who had been too thin, too eager, had bloomed into a stately and fair young maiden; it was Raphael's St Cecilia who had heard the higher voices calling her. Her white dress might not be new; it was indeed old and out of all present fashion: it had been made for Susan, but what did that matter? It set off her youth and grace none the less well that it hung a little loose; she wore his flowers on her breast and in her bright, ruddy hair; she was all white except for that shining crown of hair.

There was a smile in her eyes when she came up to him. The new motive that had come into her life had made it serene and sweet, and the old look of sad perplexity had died away.

"Why, Cis," he said involuntarily, "I think you have grown younger;" and the professor, too, thought he had never seen her look so girlish and bright.

"I got your flowers," she said. "Hugh, you were always very good to me. You remembered my day."

"And you are St Cecilia now," he smiled, looking down at her, and still holding her hands. "Not Cis without the music any longer."

"You gave me that, too," she said in her grave, grateful voice, looking clear-eyed at him.

He shook his head, but he did not disclaim her praise which was sweet.

"And now I am going away where I shall not be able to give you anything—not my protection on dark and windy nights over muddy roads—do you remember? nor my shoulders to keep the crowds from you; not even shilling gallery tickets—" his tone was deepening in spite of the lightness of his words—"nothing of my old self but my thoughts and wishes, Cis."

A shade of trouble crept into her eyes.

"Where are you going, Hugh?"

"They have given me a bursary to take me to Oxford. I am going to be polished—to have my native rust rubbed off—to what more? To find the clue to the labyrinth of life perhaps."

She moved a little restlessly, and drew back her hands from his.

"Ah," she said, with a deep breath, "I wonder if we shall find it? You are going away, and I too. Have you heard? They talk of Germany. I don't know." The old look of question was in her eyes. "You used to tell me what was right, Hugh."

What would he have answered; how could he decide for her? Germany—did not that mean the consecration of her life to art? At that moment the door opened, and Aunt Jessie came in with Miss Bogie and Miss MacBride. They made a little procession, and were rather solemn. It was a great occasion to them, this making of her curtsy to society on the part of Cecilia. Aunt Jessie came

first, carrying a worn leather case carefully. She opened it with stiff fingers, disclosing a necklace of tiny seed pearls, lying white against a velvet background.

"They were your mother's," she said to Cecilia, "and I kept them. Susan says they should be yours."

"Oh, no," said Cis, thinking of Hugh's last words and her own unfinished appeal, and looking at them with abstracted eyes. "I don't think I ever saw them before. How pretty they are!"

"They were your mother's. They come from our family," Aunt Jessie explained in her dull voice; "if it hadn't been for that they would have gone to the Jamaica blacks long ago."

"What a mercy you saved them!" said Miss MacBride, whose missionary zeal stopped short of family jewels. "Put them on, Cecilia. I used to wear pearls myself; they suit young people."

"Young white people, anyhow," laughed Hugh. "Stop, Cis."

She still looked a little unwilling and reluctant, but she bent her head and let him fasten the necklace round her throat.

"St Cecilia is now complete," he said, looking at her with great appreciation. In his heart of hearts he was glad to leave her appeal unanswered, and to avoid for the moment all insistent thought. He could no longer tell what was best for her: he only knew what he wanted for himself.

Had Herr König read the eagerness in the young man's eyes that he had stayed so long by the piano turning over the music that lay thick? He was looking for something easy and light, "something that was not Raff," he said, with a laugh, "food for babes." He made a little grimace. "It must be gay, so that the pretty young lady cousins can cry out, 'So nice!' Na—you give that poor word hard work here in England." He shrugged his shoulders good-humouredly.

"They're not my cousins," said Hugh, who was addressed, repudiating the idea hotly.

"No, they're ours," said Liddy, who came dancing in, "on us lies all the onus of having relations who talk of everything from a funeral march to a jam tart as 'nice.' It's a privilege that belongs to their riches like their dancing. Cis, if they ask you to dance, remember you must refuse, even if Adam assures you he thinks you could if you tried."

"I shall not want to try," said Cis, smiling, "we shall come away after the music."

"But you are going to help the music?" Liddy went up to the professor. "Herr König," she said, "you won't be so cruel as to deprive the Lennox's of another chance of using their favourite word. You will let Cis sing?"

"We shall see, we shall see," he said, shaking the roll of music high above her head. At every mention of singing he became once more the master, stern and grim. "You should have come with us, Fräulein," he said, "and then you would have heard."

She shook her head. "Sue and I are the real Cinderellas," she said, "of the true stay-at-home sort. We'll have to trust you to tell us everything."

"I can tell you all about the music now. Oh, very easily; I have been to your little musical parties before—" the professor began ferociously, but at this moment Miss Bogie made the discovery that the cab—ordered by special indulgence to take master and pupil and music to Rugby Crescent—was waiting at the door.

"You mustn't keep the beast waiting," said Miss Bogie, who was a bit of a disciplinarian in her melancholy way.

They all made a movement towards the door; they had indeed been lingering to allow the professor to embrace the chance of making a toilet, but he did not appear to have any leisure in his thoughts for this trivial observance. He would very likely have met the suggestion with a good-natured epigram. A black coat, that quite adequately clothed his bulk, even if it was very shiny at the seams—what more could anyone desire? True, the

trowsers and waistcoat were of a dreadful yellow-brown—a mixture that has not found favour out of Fatherland; but when a man lives in a dream-world full of sweet visions and fancies, he is little likely to trouble himself about the demands of convention. It is surely enough if he is respectable.

Nobody ventured to remonstrate; Miss MacBride looked at Miss Bogie, but even that strong-minded lady found no words, and though Liddy slid a clothes-brush into Hugh's hand, he did not accept the pregnant hint.

"Cis looked beautiful with your flowers, Hugh," said Liddy with a sigh, as the sound of the wheels died faintly on the air, "but what a guy he is! He rumpled up his hair so that he looks as if he didn't brush it once a month."

"Your own isn't past reproach," said Hugh, with lofty severity. "It's like nothing so much as a dishevelled cocoa-nut."

"Don't quarrel, children," said Susan, who always seemed so much graver, wiser, more mature than the others. "Come in here, Hugh," she led the way to the family sitting-room; she spoke with repressed fire. "We have something to tell you—to consult you about."

"And I have something to tell you," he answered as he followed her. All his own new future rushed in upon him, and took possession of his mind once more—his own future and Cis's so strangely widening together. What goal would they reach, those two, setting out on one day, each bound for the unknown far country of dreams.

"I wish there was no such thing as change," it was Liddy who spoke, half under her breath, and as Hugh turned to look at her, he saw that this young cousin's bright eyes were full of tears.

[To be continued.]



A MUSICAL GROTESQUE FOR CHILDREN
OF ALL GROWTHS.

CHAPTER I.

In which Pip is accounted for and the mysteries of the cavern elucidated.

THERE was always an unfathomable mystery about Piping Pip. His nurse thought he was the ugliest, horridest, silentest, thickest, and most indescribable baby she had ever seen, called him a changeling behind his back, and talked about his venom. His father alone was perfectly happy and proud of him, for he was a naturalist, and looked upon the infant prodigy as a new species of pollywog. Indeed in this opinion he was by no means alone, for at a special meeting of the Royal Fidgets' Association it was decided that thenceforward the Animal Kingdom must be divided into Mammalia, Aves, Reptilia, Pisces, Articulata, Mollusca, Radiata, Protozoa, and Piping Pip. It was impossible to gainsay the statement of his enthusiastic parent that there was only one of him. Nature when she had made him broke the mould—a trick of which she is rather fond according to Ariosto, Massinger, Surrey, Byron, and a few other poets who profess to know all about it. In this case the mould had not been a remarkably handsome one; for he had a large oval head of astounding dimensions, with such exceedingly small features that most flies, after butting away at it persistently to find an eye to get into, gave it up and died in despair. To make up for this defect, however, he was the owner of surpassing

ears which formed conspicuous prominences upon the vast and unrelieved desert of his skull. If he had had body enough to work his head properly he would have dwarfed Anak, Gog, Magog, Gargantua, and the Giant that Jack killed; but as it was, his slender legs and arms appeared to spring directly from his head. This was a fact in which that careful housewife, his mother, had, earlier in his life, found much consolation, as it did away with the necessity of providing him with a coat and waistcoat. Sleeves and the legs of knickerbockers were all that he needed even upon dress occasions; though the difficulty of getting under his chin to button his collar upon the place where his body ought to have been was a source of great disquietude to all concerned. As he grew older, he used to carry his collar and necktie and diamond-studs in his hand, to show people that, if he did not wear them, it was not because he could not afford them. It is true that this was a weakness, but it must not therefore be omitted by the veracious historian.

Still—to quote from the biography of the Rev. Chasuble Jubilee—under this uninviting exterior beat a great heart, a noble soul. Nature had given him of her best, and the recipe may be quoted for the guidance of the scientists of the future when they have found out how to make man in the image of Piping Pip:—“Place in a small geyser or—if that is not at hand—in Hecate’s cauldron under a full moon—

- 3 poets,
- 4 musicians,
- 2 artists, and
- $\frac{1}{2}$ a journalist,

all cut up into small pieces. Add an equal quantity of stark madness, and simmer very slowly for a century and a half. Then put the contents through a strainer, using a spoon to press them through, and add a few peeled farmers to give the mixture body. Next, thoroughly mix in a basin—

- 1 stone of sifted sugar.
- 1 pint of vinegar.
- 1 oz. powdered sage.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. attic salt.
- 1 table-spoon of essential oil of chaos.
- 1 gill of lunar virus.
- 2 drops of nepenthe, and
- 1 gallon of tears.

Add these to the previous compound, and replace the whole upon the nether fire until it comes to the boil. Allow it to stand until luke-warm, when pass through a cullender and pour into the mould.

“N.B.—There are four breakfast cupfuls in a quart, and four quarts in a gallon.”

Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered at that Piping Pip should have turned out no ordinary mortal; the wonder lay in the fact that his brilliant powers were apparently of little use to him. The plan upon which he was made was magnificent, but Dame Nature, who had several convulsions during the process, seemed to have sadly bungled in making him up. Possibly he was overdone, or did not simmer long enough; possibly too much essential oil of chaos was put into him, or an insufficient number of peeled farmers; but it was generally asserted in society as a pathetic and fatal fact that Piping Pip was very badly mixed. His mind, it was said, had a curious sort of blur, a haze which hung almost constantly about it, lifting a little at times, and then dropping again, and thickening into an impenetrable fog. Perhaps people were not altogether wrong, but they did not guess what curious things can go on in a fog.

It was on emerging from one of these fogs that Piping Pip found himself one day in a valley which was altogether unknown to him. A dark pool lay in the centre, and all around him high cliffs rose sheer up from the ground. Besides himself there appeared to be scarcely a living thing in the valley. Above the rocks there were trees in abundance, some of which had splintered down to the pool-side and were making a feeble pretence of resurrection; but otherwise a few stunted bushes alone showed

above the black soil and ragged strips of brown grass. A little way out in the tarn stood a melancholy heron pondering painfully upon one leg. Once it turned its head slowly round and looked at Pip mournfully over its own tail; but it snapped its beak as though it were saying to itself—“I couldn’t manage his head,” and resumed the pose and composure of a St Simeon Stylites who had a portable pillar attached to his person. The place was certainly not attractive, and without puzzling himself unnecessarily as to how he came there, Pip made it his first task to find a way out. Twice he wandered round the valley, and then, finding no apparent outlet, he sat down, looked at the heron, looked at the sky, and murmured plaintively—“When a man gets he doesn’t know where for he doesn’t know what, and cannot tell how he came there, he naturally concludes that there is something rotten in the state of the particular state in which he was before he got there.” A look of pleased contentment stole over the acreage of his countenance, and, after a moment, he added softly—“That was a sublime sentence. When a state gets into a man he doesn’t naturally know, they—No; that’s not it.” He rubbed his forehead wearily and murmured: “Couldn’t do it again. Suppose I said what I meant to say; but it isn’t easy for a man to say what he meant to say when he can’t say what he did say when he said—when a particular state concludes it doesn’t know what . . .” The haze dropped again, and he sat as silent as the heron stood, until it had lifted.

When after a considerable interval it did so, he did not resume his sentence. A hole in the rocks, some little distance up, but of possible access, caught his eye, and he commenced the laborious task of carrying his head up to it. It appeared to go in some distance, and as there seemed to be nothing else for him to do, he determined to get to the bottom of it. First, however, he clambered down again and tore off some of the bark from a fallen pine tree. This he twisted up and kindled to serve as a torch, a proceeding in which the heron showed a grave but kindly interest by tying its neck into several knots in the endeavour to follow his movements. Torch in hand, Piping Pip once more entered the dark rift in the rocks. As he looked up at its portal into which wandering gleams of daylight flickered, he could dimly see the torn and jagged sides and the slant roof reddened and blackened as if by the smoke and bloodshed of some ghastly combat. He did not linger, however, but passed on, steadily enough, though with a half inward shrinking, into the night in front of him.

In a short time there was nothing to guide him but the deadened glare of his own torch, for as he followed the winding path the rocks seemed to close in behind him, shutting him off from the far glimmer of sunshine without and the purple of the hills. As the flame wavered to and fro, huge and misshapen shadows advanced and withdrew around him, and appeared to keep time in some weird fashion to the tinkling sound of water which chimed faintly up the carven corridor. Now the roof rose high above him like a temple roof, and from the walls grotesque figures looked on him—rough stony goblins like those which he had seen on the walls of cathedrals, only the wandering lights and shadows put life into them. Then once more the sides of the cave would draw together and the roof slant downwards, until his head—it was always his head—could hardly pass through the narrow doorway. There were stone columns too, red and brown and white, some so large that he could not clasp them, others slender and shapely of clouded crystal which glistened in the torchlight. Amongst them were pools of marvellous stillness, in which, as in dark mirrors, he saw the columns and fretted roof reflected, and sometimes his own face—very white and still, and with such a wonder in the eyes that even his own image seemed a stranger to him gazing in surprise upon him. In some spots the roof seemed jewelled, in others the walls were

hung about with stone draperies drooping in strange folds, and the roof was studded over with a forest of hanging pinnacles, each pointed with a bright star as he passed beneath, though when he looked back the stars had all died away in the darkness. In one dark chamber he saw a huge block of stone in the centre, shaped like a king with a red grey mantle flung over him, through which showed dimly the shape of the crown and motionless features set in an eternal death. Before it and at his feet lay as it were a woman slain, with white hair trodden into the miry floor. As he looked a bat dashed against the torch, scattering the sparks upon her, and he felt a pain as though she were alive, and not mere phantasy of stone. Almost before they had hissed out on the damp rock he hurried onwards, but, looking back, it seemed to him as if the woman had drawn nearer to the veiled king and were clasping her arms about his feet to drag him from his throne. He made a note of it at the time for his next Academy picture—“Death dethroned by the dead,” but the Academy said it did not prove any thing, and that they would not hang it if it did. Such strange shapes he saw! one, a laughing skull with butterfly wings through which the yellow light shone, poised upon a rock wave like a cormorant. Then there were stone flowers, whose colourless cups were brimming with black water, into which the drops fell from the roof with a clear sound like bells of different tone that sent a sweet music dancing through the dark air. It was wondrous to him in the torch-stained gloom—like birds singing and faint heather chimes where only the black fluttering bat wheeled on noiseless wings.

It seemed a brief life-time to him before he reached what looked to be the innermost chamber of all, where no water fell, but where all sweet sounds seemed gathered up into a far off undulant music. For a moment his footsteps shattered it, but the sight of a grey shape sitting motionless within made him pause, and the sweet sound-life thrilled and pulsed around him once more. It gave him courage to draw nearer and touch the shadow that had awed him. As he did so, it fell before him with a clang that beat to and fro against the sides of the cavern like a startled bird, and, looking downwards, he saw the golden sheen of something lying at his feet. He lowered the torch towards it and saw that the fallen shape was that of a gigantic man, a cloak still drawn around the mouldering skeleton, and one hand still closed about the frame of a harp of gold.

(To be continued.)

Wagner.

The London Branch of the “Allgemeiner Richard Wagner Verein” brought their second season to a successful conclusion on the 17th inst., when Miss Alma Murray gave a dramatic recital from Wagner, Æschylus, Shelley, Browning, and Victor Hugo. The interesting programme included extracts from “Tristan” and “Götterdämmerung,” the “Agamemnon,” “The Cenci,” and “Pippa Passes.” The Misses Mary and E. G. Carmichael played, during the evening, piano-forte arrangements of “Am Stillen Herd,” and the Quintett from “Die Meistersinger,” and the “Blumenmädchen Chor,” from the second act of “Parsifal.” There was a large and distinguished assemblage, which included Mr Robert Browning himself. From the remarks which fell from Mr Mosely (one of the honorary secretaries), at the close of the recital, it appeared that a large increase of members, numbering many well-known representative musicians, had resulted from the Society’s labours of the season. This was an encouraging sign, and augured well for the future of the Society. It was hoped to recommence work in the approaching winter, when another series of lectures, &c., would be given.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the performance of the complete series of Wagner’s operas, which, of course

with the exception of "Parsifal," are to be given at Munich in September, and at Frankfort-on-Maine in December.

MR THEODORE THOMAS with his famous orchestra of 60 musicians, gave two concerts in Detroit on June 23rd and 24th. The programmes included the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," "A Faust Overture," and the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal." Regarding the latter a western critic remarks:—"How such a musician and admirer of Wagner, as Mr Thomas is said to be, could take a fragment from that wonderful creation and place it on a programme that is supposed to be of an educational character, is more than anyone here could understand."

ANENT the coming performance of "Lohengrin" at the Opéra-Comique, M. Carvalho has furnished some interesting details:—

"The Odyssey of the German musician was indeed very strange and very sad. When he arrived here, full of hope, having faith in his future triumph but poor almost to misery, he brought to the Opéra his Phantom Ship 'Flying Dutchman.' Pillet, then the director, did not understand a word of it, but he found the poetry excellent, and proposed to Wagner to purchase it. Wagner, who was starving, sold his poem for a few louis, and carried away his music. It was Dietsch whom Pillet charged with the setting of the piece which proved a notable failure. Wagner gained a little more money by arranging 'La Favourite,' and then quitted France."

"In 1858, when I was director of the Théâtre-Lyrique, Wagner returned to Paris. Gasparini, who gave him some guidance, presented him to me, and I went to the Champs-Élysées, to the furnished apartments occupied by the musician, to hear his scores. Nothing was more curious than this rehearsal: Wagner, in a red dressing-gown and a yellow cap, played, sang, and acted his work."

"We were on the point of arranging for the representation of the 'Tannhäuser' at the Théâtre-Lyrique, when the influence of some friends opened to Wagner the doors of the Opéra."

You know how the first representation of the "Tannhäuser" turned out. Wagner was so naïf, that when a noise arose in the house, he turned with the utmost innocence to a friend and said to him—

"Hullo, that's the Emperor arriving?"

But the next day was a terrible awakening for him. The castle of cards that he had raised was overthrown, and he departed despairing and heart-broken."

Despite this failure, M. Carvalho treated with Wagner for the production of "Lohengrin" at the Théâtre-Lyrique, though his tenure at the theatre came to an end before he could give effect to his project. Now, however, it is to be resumed. Wagnerians owe some debt to M. Carvalho for his courage.

THE latest addition to Wagnerian lore is from M. Sarcey's account of the early days of the Chevè movement in Paris. When "Tannhäuser" was given at the Opéra, Wagner directed the rehearsals. He complained much of the chorus-singers of the Opéra, who could not sing one of his choruses decently. One evening, after a rehearsal, Wagner spoke bitterly of this to M. Ernest Lépine, saying that the French were an unmusical nation. M. Lépine replied: "Will you come with me to a workmen's meeting? There you will see whether our French people are devoid of musical training, as you think. Those to whom I shall introduce you are only amateurs, simple working-men! But they will manage your choruses for you at first sight." "At first sight?" "I promise you that." Wagner's curiosity was roused. He went with M. Lépine, and gave his text to Chevè, who had it at once translated. "And now," said Chevè to the master, not without a little malicious pride, "have the kindness to conduct yourself." Wagner, astonished, gave the signal. The chorus was sung. M. Lépine enjoyed his surprise. "We could not do it in Germany," said the German master very courteously. Next day Chevè told the story to all the gossips, but the gossips acted as if they were deaf. The press remained silent or hostile.

M. OESTERLEIN, the biographer of the Bayreuth Master, intends opening, next year, a "Wagner Exhibition" in Vienna. There should be no lack of interesting material.

Accidentals.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is in California on private business. It may be that the stimulating atmosphere of the West will also help business of another kind.

MR W. G. CUSINS, Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen, has been appointed as a professor of the pianoforte at the Guildhall School of Music, in place of the late Sir Julius Benedict.

THE cantata which Mr. A. C. Mackenzie is to compose for next year's Leeds Festival is on the subject of Mr Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith." Mr Mackenzie informs us that he has finished the sketch of his new opera, and hopes soon to proceed to the scoring of it.

THE result of the poll demanded by the opponents of Sunday music on the pier at Eastbourne was declared on July 3rd. For the band, 293 shareholders voted, as against 92 shareholders. So conclusive a majority could hardly have been anticipated.

MR ARTHUR CHAPPELL has made arrangements with Mr Joseph Bennett to continue the Analytical Programmes of the Popular Concerts, which, from their commencement until the end of last season, a period of twenty-six years, were so ably written by the late Mr J. W. Davison.

IT is said that the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury have declined to sanction the use of the cathedral for organ recitals. This is a complete contrast to the action of the Dean of Westminster, and there can be no question which view of the use of cathedrals is the wiser.

THE Organist of the Foundling Hospital proposes to publish, as a tribute to the memory of Handel, the Foundling Hospital Anthem, composed for that institution in the year 1749. Handel, it will be remembered, presented the Hospital with an organ, which he opened in May 1750. It appears that only about two numbers of the Anthem are original, the others being borrowed from "Susanna," "Israel," "Messiah," and other works.

THE Academical Board of Trinity College, London, offer the gold medal of the College for the best essay "On the Technical Requirement of Musical Libretti," to be competed for in 1886, and a prize of ten guineas and the gold medal of the College for the best overture for orchestra, to be competed for in 1887; and the warden of the College offers a prize of three guineas for the best essay "On English Opera from Purcell to Balfe," to be competed for in 1888. The Alma Sanders medal is offered next year for the best Minuet and Trio for Piano-forte.

MR CARL ROSA has partly re-organised his company for the autumn tour commencing early in August. Among the more familiar names will be missed those of Mr Ludwig, Mr B. Davis, Mr Snazelle, and Miss Clara Perry, but Mme. Marie Roze will sing twice a week, and Mr Maas will assist at special representations. Mme. Gaylord, Mr Packard, and the American contralto, Miss Dickeson, will be added to the company, which will also include Mme. Burns, Mr McGuckin, and Mr Crotty.

IT is a question how far Mr Carl Rosa's plans are modified by a force that disturbs even the best organisations. Mr Davies was wedded a month or so ago to Miss Clara Perry; Miss Burton has also married Mr Chilley, a promising tenor.

RUMOUR has it that Mr Irving is preparing a drama on the subject of "Faust," in which he is to play the Mephistopheles, and that he is now engaged selecting the incidental music from the works of Berlioz and Schumann. Probably the rumour has no better source than other attempts of theatre-going gossips to fit Mr Irving with grotesque parts.

MDME. OSCAR BERINGER is preparing a libretto on Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," to be set as an English opera by Herr Dvorák.

A ZWICKAU musical association has initiated a movement to erect a monument to Robert Schumann, who was born there on the 8th June 1810. It cannot be said that Germany fails in honour to her great musicians. The little Saxon town where Schumann first saw the light need wish no worthier memory to commemorate than that of her illustrious son.

THE projected monument at Zwickau is, however, part of a movement in all countries to perpetuate the names of great composers in their native towns. At Côte-Saint-André, a memorial tablet has been affixed to the house in which Hector Berlioz was born. On it appears a wreath of oak and laurel, with the inscription: "To the memory of Hector Berlioz, born in this house on the 11th December 1803. His compatriots proud of his genius and glory. 25th June 1885."

THE Committee of the Music Publishers and Concert Assistant Provident Society desire to draw attention to the Society which was established in 1861, at St James's Hall, by a few well-known gentlemen connected with the music trade. Its purpose is to render assistance to members when unable to follow their employment through sickness, infirmity, or accident. Although the society has been in existence for so many years, it has not yet been brought prominently before the notice of the musical profession. The committee feel that it will not require any comment to insure from the musical profession that support which this society so well deserves. The collector is Mr J. Fitzgerald, of 59 Walnut Tree Walk, Kennington Road. The money paid out by the Society between 1861 and the present time amounts to over £1500.

THE *British Medical Journal* of July 4th says:—"We reported some time since a new operation of sub-cutaneous division of the exterior tendon slips of the ring finger, which had been performed successfully in America with the object and result of extending the range of movement of the fingers in pianoforte playing. This proceeding has been repeated recently in London by Mr Noble Smith, Queen Anne Street, with results which he records as satisfactory." He says: "I have just succeeded in freeing the ring finger of the right hand of an accomplished lady pianist, without causing her much more pain than is felt from the prick of a needle. Before operation, she was able to raise the finger only five-eighths of an inch beyond the others. Directly after operation, she could raise the finger easily to one and a half inches, without the least feeling of loss of control over its action. The division was, of course, made sub-cutaneously, so that only a minute wound was left in the skin, one-eighth of an inch in length."

GREGORIO ALLEGRI's "Miserere Deus," for nine voices, recently performed at the Exhibition, is connected with the history and the fame of Mozart. He visited Rome when a boy, and heard Allegri's "Miserere" in the Sistine Chapel. Mozart, before the day of performance, artlessly requested the Pope to give him a copy of the Psalm. His Holiness was obliged to decline, because the Church had forbidden any one to copy the MS. under pain of excommunication. Mozart, however, attended the rehearsal, took the music thoroughly into his mind, and on quitting the chapel hastened home and wrote out the notes. At the public performance, he kept the MS. hidden in his hat, and took the opportunity of this second addition to fill up a few omissions, and to correct some errors in the inner parts. At a subsequent interview with the Pope, a confession was made and the MS. produced. The Pope smiled and remarked that "excommunication could not extend to the memory." The "Miserere," when published from a copy presented by Pope Pius VI. to the Emperor of Germany, was compared with the manuscript of Mozart, and not the difference of a single note was discovered!

A WRITER in the *Dramatic Review* reports a conversation with Sir Julius Benedict on the subject of music in England. The public taste, Sir Julius remarked, has improved. It would be impossible now for an English audience to perpetrate the blunder of ignoring Chopin, when he came to your shores for the first and only time. But it is of England out of London that I

complain. In your provinces the people never advance beyond oratorio, and as for piano or violin they appreciate neither. Besides, they are lacking in real enthusiasm. If they were not so indifferent, local music would remunerate their local musicians, not perhaps munificently, but on a scale to repay them for the time and labour necessary to perfect oneself as a professor. If there were opera, say, in Birmingham, you would have your orchestra, and outside that a body of musicians anxious to compete for every vacant instrument. You would have your trained chorus, and your solo singers, for of course there must be local soloists for every provincial orchestra. You would thus create in that busy beehive the life of art, a coterie of artists, and a school of music. But, alas, would the rich manufacturers pay for the stalls and boxes, and the tradesmen and mechanics for the inferior places in the house? You shake your head. Well, sir, if you were a musical nation, filled with the enthusiasm of music, let me tell you, they would. You say not, and therefore you will permit me to add that the English—out of London—are not musical.

In a graphic series of sketches contributed to the *Full Mall Gazette* by an "Amateur Emigrant," there is an account of a musical performance by a steerage passenger on board the emigrant ship. "The weird faces were flickering in the lights below; the muttering readers held their attentive circles; the Cockney sang 'Ome once moah,' and the English-speaking company drawled the chorus with satisfaction. Suddenly a clear sound struck through the swimming air, and a few bars of music were played by some new master. A lovely and intricate waltz came after the prelude; not a single fault marred the perfect execution of the music, and the keen harmonics fell on the nerves with subtle delight. The two hundred talkers became silent as a chapel congregation, and the lovely music flowed on. Presently came a marvellous composition which I never heard before. The player did what he chose with his instrument, and he managed in some mysterious way to give the very sentiment of the forest and waste lands where sounds are transformed, and the very silence seems voiceful. For a few moments I stood in the twilight of rank, moaning under-glooms, and when the musician broke into a light, swinging melody that rolled like the joyous rocking of summer seas I was startled and sorry; I would rather stay in the shades where the night wind rushes triumphant, and the Erl King flies with the shrieking child. A difficult piece of fingering wound up the amazing performance, and a crash of applause shook the very deck. Men stood up and waved their hats, women who had been crying screamed shrilly for more music, the card-players left off gambling, and the steerage resigned itself to the spell of the wizard. It was useless for him to try getting away; we had felt the power of high music, and we were keen for this new bliss. Not as much as a needle was used while the rill of pure tone poured blessedly on, and I enjoyed existence at its best even in that den.

"I WENT to look at the artist. He was a broad-shouldered Swede, with an immense fall of hair thrown disdainfully back over his shoulders; his eyes were large, lustrous, and very uncanny, and he seemed to be gazing inward on his own soul as in a trance. The face recalled something to me which came in a flash. Some time ago a book called 'Betsy Lee' was published. It was a faultless production, which showed genius in every page. I read it again and again with studious care, and I grew specially fond of one poem about an untaught musician called Tommy Gellin. The anonymous author must be a great man, for Tommy Gellin is a living personage to me, and not a scene in the fine drama will ever leave my memory. Well, here was Tommy Gellin in front of me, staring with vague shining eyes that seemed to absorb his face and leave only a window to a spotless soul. I had noticed the young fellow often, but never suspected him of genius, which he possesses in bounteous measure, unless I am cruelly in error. He was brought up in a forest, two hundred miles from any town, and he learned to play from another farmer. Long winter nights enabled him to perfect his technique, and he is now an absolutely accomplished musician. I said, 'Why, you could earn £10 a week by playing in public.' He replied, 'I am going to my friends. I never had any money, and I don't want any. What good do you say money would do?' It was useless to argue, and the West now owns a great artist if ever I saw one."

Foreign Notes.

EDUARD STRAUSS and his orchestra are engaged for the Amsterdam International Exhibition.

LOUIS, brother of Franz Liszt, has died, aged 73, at Terneswar, in Hungary.

THE bi-centenary of the birth of Handel and Bach was celebrated at Zurich by a grand Musical Festival commencing on the 11th, and terminating on the 14th ult.

IT is rumoured that a new opera, *Cordelia*, music by the Russian composer, Soloviev, will ere long be brought out at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, with Mme Pauline Lucca as the heroine.

M. CHARLES LECOCQ has finished the music of *Plutus*, a comic opera in two acts, of which the librettists are MM. Albert Millaud and Gaston Jollivet. The name is one of good omen, but it remains to be seen whether its fortune as an opera at the Favart will eclipse its success as a comedy at the Vaudeville.

AN important lyrical composition, *La Leggenda di Pisa*, words by Michele Caputo, music by Signor Micele, successfully brought out for the first time some months since in Naples, is shortly to be performed in Pisa itself, with a chorus numbering 350 voices and an orchestra to match.

RUBINSTEIN has composed an oratorio on the subject of "Moses," following so far in the steps of Rossini, although it is hoped with a less theatrical result. Rubinstein has as yet had but indifferent success with his larger vocal compositions, probably because his strength does not lie in dramatic characterisation.

THE amount and variety of Rubinstein's compositions are a proof of his fertility and intellectual patience. These qualities are noteworthy in an artist who is supreme at the keyboard, and is subject to so many temptations to public display. In orchestral writing he manifests a magnetic warmth and piquancy. A successor to the "Ocean" symphony would find audiences beyond Hamburg.

AT a musical festival held at Bonn, Max Bruch's "Achilles," for soli, chorus, and orchestra, was produced. The composer, who has an established reputation in England, was one of Hiller's pupils, and has written largely for male voices, though his violin compositions introduced by Madame Neruda seem to have won larger favour.

SIGNORI ARRIGO BOITO and RICORDI (the latter, the well-known Milan publisher) lately visited Verdi at his villa at Santa Agata. According to them, the new opera on which Verdi has long been engaged, will, despite all contradictory rumours, be completed in the course of the present year, and be performed, probably, at the Teatro della Scala, Milan, about the middle of the season of 1886-87.

A SYMPHONIC poem in memory of Victor Hugo by an Italian composer, named Bonicioli, was recently performed in Lisbon, and received so favourably by the audience as to be re-demanded.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH has engaged to take Mme. Christine Nilsson and Adolf Fischer, the violoncellist, on a concert tour in Scandinavia and Germany in the autumn. This will be Mme. Nilsson's first hearing in her native country.

THE foreign papers announce the discovery of the first act of a setting by Schubert of Goethe's "Claudine von Villabella." This work is, however, already known, and it is mentioned in all the full catalogues of Schubert's

works. It was written in 1815, when the composer was eighteen. Schubert composed music to the whole three acts, but the second and third acts, together with the second act of the opera, "Des Teufels Lustschloss," were in 1848 used by a vandal housemaid for lighting fires; just as Mill's housemaid destroyed the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution."

THE receipts of the Parisian theatres for the year 1884-85 are just published. The Opéra and Opéra-Comique head the list, the former with a long lead of near 900,000 francs over the latter, which is closely pressed by the Theatre-Français. The figures are:—

Opéra,	2,595,737 30
Opéra-Comique,	1,724,388 50
Theatre-Français,	1,716,771 30

THE year, however, has not been a good one for the theatres. Of the twenty-four accounted for, only four show an increase in their receipts over those of the previous year—the Cluny, Gaité, Beaumarchais, and Déjazet. The total decrease on the theatrical year has exceeded two million francs. No cause is assigned for this—not even the Salvation Army.

TRUST one's own countrymen for stating facts when they are disagreeable! This is what M. Millard of the *Figaro* says of his compatriots: "The French do not understand or love music, while the Italian will lose his dinner to hear an opera of Verdi, the Spaniard pawn his last cloak to applaud Gayarré, the German go in ecstasies over a Beethoven sonata, the Frenchman will hurry to the *cafés-concerts* to hear the chansonettes and hum the despicable refrains."

AN early work by Beethoven, recently rescued from oblivion, was one of the special features of the Bonn Festival. It is a cantata commemorating the death of the Emperor Joseph II., and was written shortly before Beethoven left his native city of Bonn for Vienna, to become the pupil of Haydn. Like a similar *pièce d'occasion* composed in celebration of Leopold II., Joseph's successor, the work was lost for a number of years. In 1813, Hummel, the famous pianist, bought copies of both at an auction in Vienna, and they remained in possession of his widow. After his death in 1883, Herr A. Friedmann purchased the first-named cantata, and presented it to the Imperial Library of Vienna.

ACCORDING to the *Gazette des Théâtres*, the works given during the Italian season at the Paris Grand Opera will be *Il Barbiere* (with Mme. Patti, Signori Masini, Battistini, Baldelli, and Uetam), *La Traviata*, *Rispetto*, and *Il Trovatore* (with Mme. Durand) and *Lohengrin* (with Mme. Christine Nilsson and Devoyod). There are to be twenty performances, provided 500,000 francs, to cover the expenses, are subscribed. The prices of admission being doubled, the account will, according to the paper above mentioned, stand thus: expenses for twenty nights, 500,000 francs; receipts (at 44,000 francs an evening), 880,000 francs; clear profit, 380,000 francs.

MDLLE. ALICE BARRI is pronounced by Sgambati the one great singer lately sent forth from the Italian schools. Born at Bologna—an eminently musical city—of a father who was himself an artist, Mdle. Barbi was from her childhood so marvellously endowed as regards ear, that she could give the correct musical name to every sound, even those of bells and of ordinary drinking glasses. She first gave herself to the study of the violin, and rapidly became a very distinguished performer. The selection of pieces in Mdle. Barbi's programmes is in exquisite taste, and always perfectly adapted to the concert room. She renders to perfection the works of old Italian masters, and gives a particular charm to certain archaic compositions, whose whole merit can only be brought into relief by such an interpretation as hers. Her singing of German *Lieder* is also in a style of truth and purity which would be remarkable in any vocalist, but is especially so in an Italian singer.

Echoes.

Mr Ferdinand Praeger's Matinee.

MR PRAEGER's matinee at Messrs Collard's Rooms, on July 8th, was well attended by musicians, both professional and amateur. The programme was composed entirely of Mr Praeger's music; two string quartets, twelve songs, a piano and violin duet, and a piano solo. The artists were Madame Frickenhaus, Misses Armin and Aylward, Herwen Ludwig and Hüder, Messrs Collins, Gibson, and Koopmann. The songs are remarkable for spontaneity and are eminently vocal. It might be said of the piano solo, admirably played by Madame Frickenhaus, that it is not quite pianistic enough, conveying, as it does, an impression of adaptability for orchestration; but the two quartets (Nos. 20 and 4) are noble works characterised by a rich flow of melodic thought, as well as erudition.

Mr Stanley Mayo's Concert.

THE sixth concert of the series given by Mr Stanley Mayo took place on July 7th, in the New Room of St James's Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. The programme was agreeably diversified with songs, duets, trios, and instrumental pieces. A pleasing feature was the recitation of the "Lady of Provence" by Mrs Stanley Mayo, given in her very best style. Where all the performers are good it is a difficult matter to discriminate; but Madame D'Oria's "My heart ever faithful," Madame Lavinia Boto's "I love my Love," Miss Nellie Cresswick's "Dream of Love," and Mr Durant's "Nazareth," all deserve a word of special praise. Mr Henry Gauntlet was heard to advantage in Loder's "Diver," and in the "Bedouin Love Song." Mr Mayo gave in his well-known style, "My Sweetheart when a Boy;" and Miss Agnes Rolfe in the opening pianoforte piece, "Balmoral," and in a new song by Davis, "Life's Journey," was heartily applauded. Madame Somerville and Miss Alice Leslie made a promising first appearance. Messrs Ed. Prior and W. Taylor, in "Peerless Perdita" and "Will-o'-the-Wisp," respectively, also sang well. The accompanists were Miss Frances Lyon, who played Raff's "Tambourin," and Miss Agnes Rolfe.

Mr Arthur L'Estrange's Recital.

A PIANOFORTE recital was given by Mr Arthur L'Estrange at the Steinway Hall, on July 1st. Although announced as a "recital" a full and excellent programme was submitted, containing the names of Miss Ella Lemmens, Madame Catalina Gomez, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Arthur Rousbey, as vocalists; Madame Anna Lang, violinist; Mr Arthur L'Estrange for pianoforte, and Messrs Lindsay Sloper, J. Trousselle, and F. G. Cole as conductors. Mr L'Estrange was heard to greatest advantage in a minuet of Moskowski, a Mazurka by Godard, and an intermezzo of his own composition. Two songs by Schubert, "The Question," and "Thine is my Heart," together with "An Evening Song," by Blumenthal, were fairly rendered by Mr Henry Guy; and Mr Arthur Rousbey won a good opinion in Wagner's "O Star of Eve" (Tannhauser), and an air from Massenet's oriental work, "Il Re de Lahore." Although Miss Ella Lemmens seemed to be suffering from slight hoarseness, she sang the difficult passages in Rode's "Air with Variations" with much ability. A well-merited word of praise is due to Madame Anna Lang for her excellent violin solos, the first of which, a "Polonaise" by Wieniawski, pleased the audience so much that they wanted to hear it again.

Gloucester.

THE pupils of Westfield House School gave an Evening Concert in aid of the Free Hospital for Children on the 9th ult. Mendelssohn's music to Racine's "Athalie," and Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," with full orchestral accompaniments, were performed before a large and appreciative audience. The solo vocalists were the Misses Katie Thomas and Lisette Livings (sopranos), and E. Taylor (contralto), and Messrs F. Evans and T. Woodward of the Cathedral choir. Mr J. Rippon was the leader of the band; Miss Lilian Thomas, R.A.M., made an excellent pianist; and Mr John Hunt conducted with his usual ability. Financially and musically the concert was a great success.

Norwich.

DR BUNNETT's programme on the occasion of the last recital for the season was composed of:—Fantasia in D

(Bunnett); Air with Variations and Finale (Page); Gondola Song (Lohr); Organ Concerto in A (Crotch); Air, "God shall wipe away," from the *Light of the World* (Sullivan); Grand Fantasia; "The Storm" (Lemmens); Selection from *Nehemiah* (H. Hill); "Chapel by the Sea," descriptive (Barnett); Fantasia for the organ (Dixon); Andantino in G (Bunnett); "The Turkish Patrol" (Michaelis); The Bell Fugue and Minuet from *Israel Brought Back* (Baxfield). In commemoration of St Peter's Day, a musical service of a high order, arranged and conducted by Dr Bunnett, took place on Monday evening, June 29, in the fine church of St Peter, Mancroft. Dr Bunnett was assisted by Dr. Mann, organist of King's College, Cambridge; Mr F. C. Atkinson, and Mr F. W. B. Noverre, who led a choice band of twenty performers, comprising the best local instrumentalists, with a few from a distance. The vocal music was given by Mr F. C. Atkinson, Mr W. N. Smith, and Masters Claxton and Coizens, from the Cathedral, and a choir of nearly 120, the church choir being joined by that of St Michael, Coslany, and several members of the Festive Choral Society. Of the choruses the most admired were "How lovely are the messengers" and "O be gracious;" but they were all excellently given. At the conclusion a collection, amounting to £20, 10s., was made in aid of the Church Restoration Fund; a satisfactory sum, seeing that it was immediately after the collection for Hospital Sunday. The church was crowded to excess, and many remained after the service to listen to some voluntaries, which Dr Mann obligingly played.

Bideford.

THE annual festival of the North Devon Choral Union was held in the parish church, Bideford, on June 25th. The service was impressive and striking throughout, and there was a very large attendance. The clergy and surpliced choirs assembled in the Bridge Hall previous to the service, where they formed in procession and marched to the church. On arriving outside the church the processional hymn, "Who is on the Lord's side," was sung whilst the procession was passing through the main aisle of the church. In front came the surpliced choirs, numbering nearly 160 voices, followed by the clergy from the various parishes comprised in the Union. The Rev. E. H. Maberley, of Salisbury, performed the duties of precentor, while Mr T. Backhouse presided at the organ, except when the anthem, "I will give thanks," composed by Mr H. J. Edwards, Mus. Bac., of Barnstaple, was sung, when Mr Edwards took Mr Backhouse's place.

Grantham.

Mr George Dixon, Mus. Doc. Oxon., gave an organ recital in Grantham Church on Tuesday, July 14th. The "Giant" Fugue from Bach, Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Handel's "Sing unto God," were among the pieces rendered.

Ware.

On Thursday, July 16, Mr James L. Gregory, F.C.O., gave an organ recital in the Parish Church. The programme included Handel's Sixth Organ Concerto, Wagner's overture to "Lohengrin," and the slow movement from Mendelssohn's First Organ Sonata.

Linlithgow.

An organ recital was given in St Michael's Abbey Church on Thursday, July 9th. The programme was as follows:—

Chaconne in G major,	Handel.
Marche Religieuse,	Perelli.
Melodia,	Capocci.
Prelude and Fuga Scherzando,	Bach.
Andantino,	Thomas.
Andante in E flat,	Wesley.

Mr Ernest A. Williams' Matinee.

An excellent programme of readings and music was presented at Mr Williams' matinee on 4th July. Alike in the serious and in the lighter pieces Mr Williams' efforts met with favour, the dramatic intensity of his rendering from "Lalla Rookh" evoking much applause. A song, entitled "The Martyr," written by Gordon Sutherland for the vocalist, had a very favourable hearing.

College of Organists.

The 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of July were given up to the work of the Mid-summer Examinations for the Fellowship and Associateship Diplomas of the College. Drs J. F. Bridge and C. J. Frost, and Mr

W. S. Hoyte were the examiners for the organ playing department, and Dr F. E. Gladstone, Mr Jas. Higgs, and Mr C. E. Stephens had charge of the paper work section. Eleven candidates passed Fellowship and twenty-eight passed Associateship. Dr Stainer presented the diplomas at the Neumeyer Hall on the 10th inst. In addressing the candidates he deprecated very earnestly the too prevalent sharp criticism English artists indulged regarding each other's work and reputation. Dr Bridge followed with a speech, in which he enlarged on the excellent work done by the College. The successful candidates were the recipients of much congratulation, notably Mr Schrier, a blind student—to whose musical gifts and retentive memory Dr Stainer made special reference—and Mr Lardelli, the first South Australian who has earned a diploma.

Church Oratorio Society.

The third annual report and balance sheet of the Church Oratorio Society presented to the annual meeting, held on the 11th June, at Watford, contains the following:—"The Council are glad to be able to report that the steady progress and success which were observed last year have attended the Society during the year 1884-5. There are 78 singing members. The musical work of the Society since the date of the last report comprises Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise,' Purcell's 'O give thanks,' and James Turpin's Service in B flat, all of which were sung at the annual service on July 3d, 1884; Spohr's 'Last Judgment,' Handel's 'Messiah,' Part I; Croft's 'Cry aloud and shout,' and a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.' It will be remembered that one of the chief aims of the Society, as laid down by its rules, is to offer to the poor, facilities for hearing the best sacred music, by providing adequate accommodation for them at all services held under the Society's auspices. The council are pleased to be able to report that this object has to a great extent been attained, and that each of the services held during the past year has been noteworthy for the large number of the poor who have availed themselves of the opportunity of attending them. In compliance with invitations, efforts have been made on more than one occasion during the past year to arrange for the singing of oratorios in London churches; but it has proved so difficult to fix dates which would be suitable both to the Society and to the London congregations, that all attempts to extend the Society's operations in this direction have at present been fruitless. The Council will, however, renew their efforts, and hope to be able during the next season to arrange for services either in London or in the more immediate neighbourhood of Watford. The financial position of the Society is thoroughly satisfactory.

The "Primrose Cinderella Circle."

A society of ladies and gentlemen, recently organised and meeting at Southwick House, Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park, held one of their re-unions on Friday evening, 17th July. The arrangements were excellent, and reflected great credit on the originators, one of whom is a well-known lady, whose ability and geniality as a hostess is widely known and prized. An entertainment, consisting of music, recitations, &c., and closing with an enjoyable dance without stiffness or formality beyond that necessary in the best society, is a great attraction in these days, and we trust the Circle will be successful beyond anticipation. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Signor Samuelli, who together with Signora Samuelli gave some beautiful songs. Miss Florence Burt played two piano solos most charmingly, and also gave Miss Proctor's "Story of a Faithful Soul" with much feeling. Songs were given by Miss Alice Kean, Miss Norah Hayes, &c. A musical sketch by Mr A. G. Pritchard, and a delightful recitation by Mr W. Sergeant Lee, M.A., were not the least enjoyable items of the programme.

Mr J. Henry Webb's Concert—A Hindu Soprano.

A CONCERT given at the Town Hall, Kensington, in the middle of July, would not in the ordinary course of events demand much notice, but Mr J. H. Webb's concert on the 14th ult. deserves a short notice, as it was the means of bringing before the public a new singer whose future, if we mistake not, is destined to be somewhat remarkable. Mr Webb has for some years occupied a leading position at the head of the musical profession in Calcutta, and on his recent return to England brought with him one of his pupils, a Hindu lady, Miss Alice Gomes, whose performance on the 14th created an extraordinary degree of interest. Curiosity was in the first place awakened by

the first appearance at an English concert of a lady of very decided oriental appearance, who possesses, nevertheless, most interesting and charming features, but any curiosity on this score was succeeded by feelings of astonishment and pleasure to find her not only endowed with a really magnificent voice, but also the possessor of a thoroughly sound and pure method of singing, a method which reflects the greatest credit upon her master. Miss Gomes' voice is a mezzo-soprano of considerable compass. In her first song, "Vieni, che poi sereno," from Gluck's *Semiramis*, she displayed by a most finished style and admirable vocalization a voice of singular beauty, reminding the hearer in some of its lower tones of that of Madame Trebelli. In an encore Miss Gomes sang Ardit's Waltz, "L'Ardita," in which her execution left something to be desired, though the composition served to show the compass of her voice. In the second part of the programme Miss Gomes was not less successful in songs by Mendelssohn and Franz. Her future is one which musicians will watch with great interest, and we trust before long to have another opportunity of hearing her.

W. B. S.

Keighley.

On Wednesday, July 1, a recital was given by Dr C. J. Frost in St Peter's Church, and on Sunday, 5th inst., a recital was given by Mr R. H. Moore in the same church. The offertories at both recitals were devoted to the fund for the new organ of three manuals and forty-six stops which has been erected by Messrs Driver & Lupton.

Malvern.

On the occasion of the festival at Malvern there were present 238 chorists from the following parishes:—Great Malvern, 30; North Malvern, 40; Upton-on-Severn, 29; Leigh, 19; Longdon, 19; Moseley (Birmingham), 33; Selly Hill, 28; Bushley, 20; and Harvington, 20. The choirs were all supplied. The procession up the centre aisle of the building occupied several minutes, the choirs singing the hymn, "Come forth, O Christian brothers," taken by permission from *The Hymnary*. The psalms were sung to chants by Lloyd, and the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* to Barnby's setting. The remaining music consisted of the hymns, "We are but strangers here" (Sullivan), "Oh thou fount of life eternal" (Gounod), "Praise to Thee, O Lord most Holy" (Recessional), and the anthem, "O clap your hands" (Tallis Trimmell). The fact that the choirs had not practised together was evidenced by a little unsteadiness here and there, but the rendering of the anthem was especially good. Mr O. Milward conducted, and the accompaniments were splendidly played by Mr W. F. Newton. Mr A. W. Gilmor, of Birmingham, was trumpeter.

The opening of the new Assembly Rooms and Pleasure Gardens was made the occasion of great musical activity. At the morning concert Madame Trebelli was the principal vocalist, and the band performed a variety of classical selections. A concert of a more popular character in the evening also attracted a large audience, while an *al fresco* recital by the band next day found many charmed listeners.

Market Walworth.

On 27th June the organ erected in this church by Mr Eustace Ingram was opened with considerable ceremonial. Dr Sangster, organist of St Saviours, Eastbourne, gave a recital, and there have subsequently been performances by various members of the College of Organists.

Dublin.

The Irish Artizans' Exhibition was opened on the 24th of June by the performance of an inaugural cantata entitled "Awake! Arise!" composed for the occasion by Dr Joseph Smith. Dr Smith deserves much praise for the fearless way in which he introduced our national anthem in the overture, but it is much to be regretted that he allowed a committee totally ignorant of music to dictate to him in the manner in which they did. It is probable that when shown the score of his work they did not recognise the air, very probably not "knowing their notes;" but at any rate, at the morning performance, "God save the Queen," "Patrick's Day," and "The Boyne Water," all stood out in the overture, and, we may add, very cleverly; but judge our surprise when at the evening performance we noticed that our "National Anthem" was left out. This kind of Philistinism on the part of officious committees cannot escape censure.

The cantata is very cleverly written. The overture introduces a fine theme in the form of a march. The imitation of an ancient Irish melody is really lovely. The quartette and chorus is most effective. The orchestration all through is musicianly, and, in some parts, masterly. This composition will lead us to expect great things in "St Keven," Dr Smith's oratorio, which he has been asked to write for the coming Hereford festival. The second part of the programme was composed of glees, choruses, songs, and overtures by various Irish composers—Stewart, Balfe, Wallace, Stanford, Mornington, &c. Mrs Hutchinson, Mrs Scott-Fennell, Mr Bapty, and Signor Foli were the principals, all doing the work allotted to them in artistic style. Dr Smith conducted throughout, his chorus and band both giving excellent proof of his clever training.

Several concerts have been given since. Signor Cesi, from the Conservatoire in Naples, assisted by his worthy pupil, Signor Esposito, gave a recital. Miss Douglas also gave a recital. Mr Horan, Mr Goodman, and Miss Taylor, Mus. Bac., have all given excellent performances on the organ. Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Russell, Miss Du Bedat, Miss Windsor, Mr Martin M'Guckin, and Mr Ludwig have all appeared, and delighted their audiences.

Beyond the music at the "Artizans," there has been none in Dublin this month.

Mr W. A. Collisson, Mus. Bac., gives two pianoforte recitals on the 6th and 8th of August.

[These concert notices being either collated from the Press, or supplied by correspondents, no responsibility for statements is accepted. Secretaries or concert-directors are invited to submit details of concerts.]

Humoresque.

WHILE Halevy—the most conscientious of musicians—was putting the finishing touch to his *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, he heard some one in the courtyard of the house where he lived singing an air which seemed familiar to him. On listening attentively he recognised it as one of his latest inspirations for the new work, and flew into a violent rage, accusing himself of having involuntarily appropriated the idea of another composer. Ringing for his servant, he bade him ascertain who the singer was, and presently he learned that he was one of the workmen employed in painting the outside of the house.

"Ask him to come up here," said Halevy; and, on the man's appearance, inquired where he had first heard the air he had been singing.

"Ma foi, monsieur," replied the individual addressed, "I picked it up the other day out of a piece they were rehearsing at the Opera Comique, while we were repainting the interior."

"Ah!" said Halevy, with a sigh of relief, "you have an excellent memory; but," he added, half in soliloquy, "I was terribly afraid that mine was a better one."

ONE of the many postulants for Rossini's approbation was a young musician, who brought him a funeral march of his composition in memory of Meyerbeer, lately dead. Rossini looked through it attentively.

"Not bad," he said, "but it would have been still better if Meyerbeer had written it in memory of you."

THE same irrepressible humourist briefly summed up his opinion as to the relative merits of Mendelssohn and Wagner by saying that, whereas the former had composed "songs without words," the latter had only written "words without songs."

AMONG the innumerable visitors to Rossini's villa, at Passy, was a certain Italian Marquis, an amateur musician of no particularly good repute, who continually pestered the maestro for an autographic recommendation of his compositions, on the plea that he was a poor man, and that such a testimonial would materially increase their sale. Wearied by his importunities, the author of "Guillaume Tell" at last consented, and complied with the request as follows:—

"I have a very agreeable recollection of the Marquis de S—'s music.—G. ROSSINI."

This passport to fame was, of course, triumphantly exhibited by the recipient, and one of the writer's friends, happening to see it, inquired how he could possibly have expressed a favourable opinion of music which was a barefaced imitation of his own.

"Perhaps that is why I like it," replied Rossini, with a twinkle in his eye. "It is always pleasant, you know, to recognise an old acquaintance."

OFFENBACH's passion for roulette was proverbial. When his "Princesse de Trebizonde" was produced at the Baden Theatre, the major part of the liberal honorarium received for it speedily returned to M. Dupressoir's coffers through the medium of the croupier's rake.

"If this goes on," drily remarked Maitre Jacques to a fellow-sufferer, while their respective stakes were being swept away, "I shall soon not have a note left."

"You are luckier than I am," ruefully observed his companion, "for your head is full of them."

"That may be," retorted Offenbach, "but, unfortunately, they don't pass current at the roulette."

WHEN Berlioz first visited Leipzig he entered the Gewandhaus Concert Room while Mendelssohn was rehearsing his new work the "Walpurgis Nacht." At the close the composers, who had been fellow-students in Rome, exchanged greetings. "I am going," said Berlioz, "seriously to ask you to make me a present to which I shall attach the highest value."

"What is that?"

"Give me the baton with which you have just conducted the rehearsal of your new work."

"Willingly, on condition that you send me yours."

"I shall be giving copper for gold; but never mind, I consent."

And Mendelssohn's musical sceptre was brought to Berlioz forthwith. The next day the French composer sent his heavy oaken staff, together with the following letter, which, says Berlioz, would probably not have been disowned by the "Last of the Mohicans" himself:—

"TO THE CHIEF, MENDELSSOHN!—Great Chief! we have promised to exchange tomahawks. Mine is a rough one—yours is plain. Only squaws and pale-faces are fond of ornate weapons. Bemy brother! And when the Great Spirit shall have sent us to hunt in the land of souls, may our warriors hang up our tomahawks together at the door of the council-chamber."

"BEFORE I even began a rehearsal with a large choir," writes Berlioz, "before anything has occurred to rouse my ill-temper, I am conscious of a sort of anticipative anger tightening my throat. Indeed, my look must forcibly remind the chorus of the Gascon who kicked an inoffensive little boy in the street, and to the child's remonstrance that he had done nothing to deserve it, answered, only fancy if you had!"

AN old sea-dog, who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city, with a view to buying her one, wrote home:—"I saw one that I thought would suit you—black walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, seated with white wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire—double on the ratlines, and whipped wire on the lower stays and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel, and well-driven home. Length of taffrail over all 6 feet 1 inch; breadth of beams, 38 inches; depth of hold, 14 inches. Hatches can be battened down proof against 10 year-old boys, or can be clewed up on occasion and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

SINGS a sweet girl-graduate: "I love to sing when I am glad; song is the echo of my gladness. I love to sing when I am sad, for song makes sweet my very sadness." The obvious continuation is: "I love to sing when I am mad; it drives my neighbours into madness."

IN Mr Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" he addresses a "Muscular Christian" on the subject of music thus:—As to Plato's musical influence, you invite it, and yet you treacherously elude its power. After being out all day in the pursuit of sylvan pleasures (if shooting on treeless wastes can be called a sylvan pleasure) you come home at nightfall ravenous. Then you do ample justice to your dinner, and having satisfied your *faim de Chasseur*, you go into the drawing-room and ask your wife to play and sing to you. If Plato could witness that pretty scene, he would approve your obedience to his counsels. He would behold an athletic Englishman stretching his mighty limbs on a couch of soft repose, and letting his soul grow tender as his ears drank ravishing harmonies. If, however, the ancient sage, delighted with so sweet a picture of strength refined by song, were to dwell upon the sight as I have done, he would perceive too soon that, although your body was present indeed, your soul had become deaf in sleep's oblivion. So it happens to you night after night, and the music reaches you no more than the songs of choristers reach the dead in the graves below.

Notices of New Music.

OSBORN & TUCKWOOD, 64 BERNERS STREET.

Two Irish Songs. Words by the author of "John Halifax Gentleman." Music arranged from old manuscripts by Roland Mott. (1) *My Girl along with Me.* (2) *Lullaby.*—The first of these is very neatly arranged for two treble voices, and the latter for three. The words in each case are graceful and singable, and the music quite appropriate, though we fail to discern the Irish element in the Lullaby.

WEEKES & CO., 14 HANOVER STREET, W.

Damen. Words by Walsh (1663-1709). Music by E. M. Harrison.—A thoroughly humorous setting, in old English style, of a quaint and amusing ditty.

Song of the Wood. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Mrs Arthur Goodeve.—Mr Weatherly's line, are smooth and singable. They have not suggested to the composer a dominant religious idea, nevertheless the result is very pleasing. From first to last Mrs Goodeve's writing is characterised by freshness and grace, and we anticipate great popularity for this song.

True as of Yore from the same pen ranks much lower as a piece of songcraft.

A Whispered Yes. Words by Spencer Henry. Music by Edmund Rogers.—This is a piece of playful, semi-humorous writing, in which Mr Rogers has attained precisely what he aimed at.

All in All. Words by Spencer Henry. Music by Edmund Rogers.—Thanks partly to the variety implied in three changes of key and one of time, this song appears likely to command success.

Not Alone. Words by E. M. A. F. T. Music by R. W. Lewis.—A religious song which would require tender treatment from a critic. The composer's share, however, is very pleasing, spite of an occasional lapse into the commonplace. The 3 movement might be made very impressive, and the climax also is well managed.

Songs for Little Ones. Words by F. A. R. Music by Merelina Gepp. Illustrations by C. L. Hardcastle.—This is a pretty volume capable of furnishing much entertainment to young folks. We cannot say that all the songs are specially suited for children, or that artist and composer have even attempted to co-operate; but most of the pages are extremely attractive, and the details whether humorous or otherwise are well worked out.

I miss thy kind Good Night. O God, cease Thine ire. Songs written and composed by J. C. W.—Neither of these songs can boast of literary merit, but the second has a quaint setting, which is engaging in spite of its un-devotional character.

There is nought on earth so fair. Aria by John Sebastian Bach. Words by Mrs Wm. Newton.—The chastened simplicity of the old master becomes in this song increasingly attractive and satisfying. The accompaniment gives suggestion of dancing measures and pastoral pipes.

The Hermit's Motto. Composed by Lelwyn Graham.—The hermit's advice is somewhat oracular, but is given with a heartiness which will make it palatable.

The Sailor's Song. Words by W. H. Mines. Music by Caleb Simper.—British audiences love sailors and sailors' songs, and therefore Mr Simper's rather threadbare phrases are sure of a hearty welcome if only rendered with the requisite vigour.

Our Sonny's Plaint. Composed by Sydney Russell.—This is an old practical joke about indigestion. It is a pity that Mr Russell's musical talent should have been so misguided.

To Arms. Words by Spencer Henry. Music by Edmund Rogers.—A military song suitable for a powerful voice and dashing style.

Three Andantes for the Organ, by Robert Munro.—Slenderly constructed, yet distinctly pleasing, and admitting of some graceful effects of the subdued order. Organists will find them useful.

The First Spring Day. By J. More Smieton.—A refined and melodious setting of Christina Rossetti's lyric. Mr Smieton writes fluently and vigorously, and with a commendable disregard of *ad captandum* effects.

(1) *Avondale*, a gavotte in F Major; (2) *Humoresken* for pianoforte; (3) *Last Night.* By William Blakely.—The first and second are useful educational pieces, being

sufficiently spirited and melodic to tempt a learner, while difficulties of fingering are carefully smoothed. Apart from this the gavotte possesses qualities which of themselves yield musical satisfaction. The ballad, "Last Night," contains lines of unequal merit, which have been set with some emotional force in spite of an excessive use of a stiff figure in the accompaniment.

BRISCOE & TREE, FULHAM, S.W.

Sunbeams. Words and music by G. Hubi Newcombe.—Mr Newcombe's music comes perilously near the conventionality of his theme, but is redeemed by one or two piquant touches which show the musician's hand.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, BERNERS STREET.

Forgive. Words and music by G. Hubi Newcombe.—A sentimental song of which the worst that can be said is that it is of a familiar type. The accompaniment is skilfully managed.

PATERSON, SONS & CO., EDINBURGH.

Longing. Song by J. More Smieton.—Mr Matthew Arnold's words here set by Mr Smieton lend themselves finely to passionate musical expression. Their main feeling is very faithfully reflected, and Mr Smieton has wrought out the instrumental part to a considerable degree of power.



THE HARMONIUM.—III.

It is by no means uncommon to find pianists professing ability to play the harmonium, and players on the harmonium convinced that they can play the piano, upon the mere strength of the fact that the keyboard is similar in each instrument. In point of fact, however, the handling is so far different that it is unusual to find a player excelling in both instruments. The young lady who, on the merits of her powers at the piano, is selected to do the honours of the humbler instrument at a Sunday school or a prayer meeting, is very far as a rule from proving a brilliant exponent even of the steady-going psalm-tune. She will probably be possessed with a melancholy desire to prance, with much consequent rattling of the keys, and a more or less spasmodic production of sound; her fingering, faultless on the piano, will suddenly prove inadequate to the note-intervals without disastrous jerks and jumps; and the general result will be inferior to that of many indifferent harmonium players with far less musical knowledge. On the other hand, a man who has played for any length of time upon the harmonium or organ alone, will need months and perhaps years of practice before he acquires the true piano touch. A musician will readily detect in a player the instrument to which he has chiefly devoted himself, just as he will as a rule detect many subtle differences between the scoring of a pianist and that of an organist.

The fundamental difference in normal harmonium playing as distinct from that of the piano is that the notes are pressed, not struck. The action of the note is, of course, not percussive; it is simply to lift the pallet which covers the opening to the reed, thus allowing the wind to rush in and produce the necessary vibration. Any degree of force is therefore unnecessary as adding nothing either to the emphasis or duration of the note; the only modification of sound which results is the disagreeable key-rattle which indicates a bad player. A smooth, even pressure of the notes is the first thing to be aimed at—a pressure which is prompt, firm, and decisive, yet not so tenacious of the notes as to hinder ease of transition.

With this it has to be remembered that while the harmonium is a sustaining instrument, it is sustaining only in virtue of continuous note-pressure,—that there is no resonance. After lifting your finger from the note of a piano the sound may be continued, though with diminishing intensity, for a longer or shorter time, filling up the interval often necessary before the next note can be struck. On lifting the hands from the harmonium the note stops dead with an even more obvious break of silence than in the most marked staccato piano work. To secure continuity, therefore, in *legato* passages, the pressure upon one note is relaxed as the new note is depressed, so that the sound of the latter shall glide almost imperceptibly out of that of the former—care being taken, however, to avoid blurring, as being almost a greater evil than jerkiness.

It will be clear to any one accustomed to the piano that the ordinary pianoforte fingering will not admit of this. Let him try, for instance, to give a *legato* effect to a simple succession of sixths, and he will find it necessary to change his fingers upon each note, without striking it a second time, in order to free his first and fourth fingers to attack the next notes before releasing those last pressed—



This substitution of fingers upon a depressed note will be found constantly necessary if the playing is not to be jolty and spasmodic; and in event of the piece not being fingered for the harmonium, the beginner will need to exercise no little ingenuity in order to duly economise his hands. But let him remember that it is an economy, to be practised only as need, and that it is to be done in the easiest and least obtrusive fashion—that which will least derange the even poise of the hands. At first he will have difficulty in electing a deputy finger, and will probably be apt to strike other notes in the finger transit, but if he be ordinarily intelligent and careful he will readily avoid acquiring any permanent awkwardness.

In matters of general handling nothing will prove of greater assistance than to sit near a good player either upon the harmonium or the organ, and carefully watch his hands. This is not precisely the purpose for which churches were built, but if you have not the opportunity elsewhere, it can often be found there. You can gain in an hour's observation of this kind more than can be taught in many written lessons, but one or two general cautions may be given as likely to prove of service.

Keep your fingers fairly free, not huddled together over one or two notes, as if contesting their possession.

Remember that you have to consider not only what is the simplest method of fingering a given chord, but what method of fingering it will leave you in the best position for the subsequent series of chords. In other words, you have to be continually looking ahead, not simply to play each chord as though it were to be your last.

Do not use the thumb upon the black notes where one of the other fingers can readily take them: it throws the hands out of position for subsequent notes.

In striking a note with the fourth finger do not tilt your thumb in the air as though you were indicating something over your shoulder. Keep the back of the hands as nearly at a level as possible, even when lifting them entirely from the keys in marked passages.

When a note is repeated in purely instrumental pieces, give it its independent value, not merely keep it depressed as though the notes were tied. The continuous sounding is only permissible when there is a voice part marking the distinct notes.

Play your pieces as they are written. Do not drop notes or add notes. If you can improve upon the composer, do not play him at all, for he must be pretty bad.

Do not hurry the time when you get to a series of notes which you can read off easily. Rather slow the time generally to meet your difficulties, and increase the rapidity equally all over the piece than get into the irregular habit of many young players.

For the rest, the ordinary five-finger exercises, given in elementary pianoforte or harmonium guides, will soon give you the requisite freedom and muscularity for the interpretation of all ordinary pieces. That these are a species of torture, which has proved the death of much youthful enthusiasm, goes without saying; but, at the same time, they must be regarded as indispensable if you wish to attain proficiency. They are more remunerative than they seem to minds pathetically desirous of melody and weary of the endless repetition of C, F, G, E, G, D, G, C, and the rest of the commonplace round. A dozen good exercises, well practised, will give you more dexterity than months of unqualified stumbling over more elaborate pieces.

There is nothing, however, to forbid you from combining both, and to the man whose acquaintance with his instrument extends little further than a knowledge of the notes, an ordinary collection of hymn tunes is as good a practice-book as he could wish. Let him take a simple tune in a simple key, play over the scale in that key a few times before commencing, and then set himself to master it. Do not play a bar, and go on to another, but conquer one at a time. When you can play the first, subject another to a similar process but do not confine yourself to one or two keys merely. There are many players who perform very tolerably in one or two keys—C, F, G, B flat, E flat, and possibly in D and A, but who are hopelessly out of court whenever tunes in the other keys are presented to them. There are flat-haters and sharp-haters—men who can play in three flats, but are distressed by three sharps, and reduced to despair by four. This is really only a sort of nervous habit; a little courageous practice in the dreaded keys would soon make them equally at home in these as in the rest. Resolve, therefore, not to be afraid of an additional flat or sharp, and attack in turn all the different keys combining, if you can, an exercise, the scale, and a short tune in the same key. Each lends aid, and affords relief to the others.

In future numbers a graduated series of exercises will be given.

THE VIOLIN.—III.

I ASSUME that you have the violin and the bow in your hands; the questions arise—how are you to bear your body generally, how are you to hold the violin?

There are few actions that excel in grace the playing of a violin, but it is not a grace that comes by nature. If you could see yourself in a mirror when for the first time you draw the bow across the strings, you would understand how closely the human body may be made to resemble a badly-constructed marionette. Now everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing gracefully; in the case of violin-playing this is doubly true, because the most graceful method, as for example in bowing, is the absolutely necessary method to obtain the desired results in style and tone. There is, of course, a certain latitude in general demeanour which the player may indulge without loss of musical effect, but certainly not without loss in total artistic effect. Joachim is, to my thinking, by far the most finished violinist of the day—finished in bearing as in technique. The illustration given in the Music Supplement for June is a perfect representation of his pose as he throws his glance to the back of the concert-room and waits for the orchestra to play the introductory passages. When he enters with the solo part, whether it be in brilliant staccato phrasing, or in long-drawn singing passages, there is neither sense of effort, nor desire to display. The audience for him is non-existent and the violin seems part of himself. His figure is erect but unconstrained, supple of movement yet to the eye motionless, excepting only the right arm which is grace itself, and the fingers which fall with a subtle play on all parts of the finger-board and yet hardly attract the eye. Other players indulge a not

ungraceful swaying of the body. This may be seen at its best in Madame Neruda, who, in addition to a purely musical effect, often gains an *ad captandum* one by a self-conscious little flourish of the bow at the close of a brilliant piece, as well as by other mannerisms which invite the listeners, as it were, to observe the artist. The whole, however, is done with so much dash and charm of manner as to be scarcely a fault. Some other players, admirable in respect of technique, show these mannerisms without their redeeming virtues. They sway from side to side with an exasperating metronomic regularity, the body being bent forward, and the feet planted in a most ungainly straddle; while yet others caress the instrument and make the face an index to the sentiment of the music, as if to direct the appreciation of the audience. Many listeners are wholly unaffected by the bearing of the artist, and many more enjoy the spirit which is expressed by a toss of the head or a little bravery with the bow, but there can be no question that the true ideal of bearing is that which gives the eye an unconscious contentment and leaves the mind wholly free to receive purely musical impressions. The formation of such an unobtrusive and graceful bearing is no doubt assisted by temperament; no one, however, can have scanned many artists critically without concluding that defects in this regard are due either to false training or to lack of training.

Do not, therefore, imagine that you may play the violin sitting or standing in any chance attitude. Let apparently trivial matters be consciously observed until they become an easy habit.

The standing position is the one which should be most scrupulously and frequently practised, both because of its greater freedom, and because it is the necessary position for the solo player, however humble his aims. Observe a player for an instant; the right side of his body moves to some extent; the left is in comparison passive. This elementary fact determines the position of the feet, which must be so disposed as to secure two things—freedom and equilibrium. The weight should be thrown upon the left foot; the right foot should be slightly apart from the left, and somewhat in advance. In a perfectly easy position both feet will point a little outwards, the right rather more than the left. Try for a moment the opposite—the throwing of the weight on the right foot and the closing of the legs, and the utility of these rules will be self-evident. When you begin to play take your position as if the eye of a drill instructor were upon you.

The body should be erect without stiffness, and the chest expanded. The head should also be erect, with only the slight inclination to the left necessary for the secure holding of the instrument. There is a temptation to lean part of the face on the violin, as if to catch an ideal pianissimo. This should be resisted, as well as the tendency to follow the fingers with the eye. After what has been said regarding the swaying of the body, you will not, I hope, fall in love with that trick. It is bad style, besides being cheaply acquired. Then keep a guard upon your facial expression. It is more difficult than you may believe, to avoid accompanying movements of the arm and fingers with elevations of the eye-brows or less pardonable grimaces. The eternal impassiveness of the Sphinx would be a safe model.

These rules apply equally to the sitting position. The shoulders only must rest against the back of the chair. If you feel the need of resting more of the body, it is time to stop practising; for practising under fatigue means lounging, and lounging means the formation of bad style, and you would soon find yourself crossing the legs and committing other atrocities.

It is time now to turn to the holding of the violin. On this subject there has been a good deal of painstaking if somewhat confusing writing, while many manuals, on the other hand, glide over it with an ease that ill befits its importance. Any defect at this part of your training would have a fatal result.

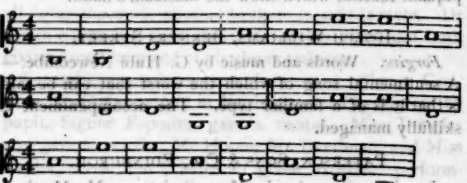
The violin, it need hardly be said, is held in the left hand, the broad end of it being placed against the collar bone, and the chin resting on the breast to the left of the tail piece. To permit of the fourth string being easily played, the left side of the violin is slightly raised. Much has to be said as to the position of the shoulder, as well as regarding artificial means of holding the violin in position but in this article I content myself with the details essential to a commencement. Holding the violin between chin and collar-bone the elbow of the left arm must be brought under the instrument without, however, touching the body. The effect of this should be to place the open hand in a horizontal position. Let the forefinger and thumb then close upon the neck of the violin near to the nut, that is the little piece of ebony which connects the finger-board with the scroll. Here the utmost precision is needed, because the whole capacity of the fingers will be affected by a very slight defect in the resting of the violin. It is not enough to say that the neck must rest between the forefinger, or, as it is generally put, between the third joint of the forefinger and the thumb. If we speak of the joining of each part of the finger as a joint, then the neck should rest midway between the second and third joints. The exact position of the thumb is no less important. It is sometimes said the violin should rest on the thumb rather than against it, and Spohr, as far as may be judged, places the neck just above the first joint. Probably what should be aimed at is to give the neck a sufficient resting-place, while keeping the tip of the thumb well



off the fourth string. The position is made clearer by stating, as an unalterable condition, that there must be sufficient space in the fork of the thumb below the neck to admit of passing the tip of the bow through. The student should understand from the outset that finger and thumb should have as little as possible to do with holding up the instrument, and that the position enjoined is the one which gives the fingers the maximum amount of power over the board.

The difficulty of tuning the violin soon disappears. The usual method is to get the A, or second string, from a tuning-fork; then to tune the third string to D, a fifth lower; the G, or metal-covered string, is tuned a fifth below D, and the highest, or E string, is tuned a fifth above the A. The ear quickly attains the power of

discerning perfect fifths. The undernoted exercises on the open strings should be played, holding the bow thus:—



Questions and Answers.

S. S. SAKELBY, NEW ZEALAND.—We have sent you the *Magazine* beginning with May number. Please remit 4s. 6d. for postage. ROWLAND MOTT AND OTHERS.—The result of the Plebiscite has many interesting features on which much might be said; but it has on the whole already received sufficient of our space.

VIOLA.—To excel on one instrument is so hard, that you would probably be listening to the voice of prudence in devoting yourself exclusively to the piano, of which you say you have already acquired a command. Certainly, if you devoted to the violin the amount of study and practice necessary to attain a fair degree of technique, your power over the other instrument as regards touch and otherwise could hardly help falling. B. Iow is reported to have said, "If I fail to practise a single day, I notice the effect myself; if I fail to practise for two days, my friends notice it; if I fail to practise for three days, the public notice it." That is the condition of excellence. At the same time, it is quite possible to play fairly and pleasantly both instruments. We know ladies who do this, but they do not excel.

INQUIRER.—Groves's Dictionary gives particulars of Carnaby. Born 1772—died 1830. Organist at Eye, and afterwards at Huntingdon; graduated at Cambridge; Mus. Bac. in 1805, and Mus. Doc. 1808. Published six canzonets and six songs, favourably received. Organist of Hanover Chapel, Regent Street, in 1823. His compositions, chiefly vocal, were numerous; scientific, but deficient in taste.

J. HARVEY.—Your question has been already answered in the second article on the violin. See "The Instructor."

S. PAVNE.—Thomas Hood's poem "The Death-Bed" has already been well-set, and we have no desire to stand sponsor to another.

T. C.—Thomas Brewer's "Turn Amariyllis" is dated 1660, but is very possibly older.

P. D.—Mendelssohn's "Six Children's Pieces" were not published until after his death. The analogy, therefore, fails.

A. CROFTS, D.—The Neapolitan Sixth is a chord composed of a minor sixth and a minor third on the subdominant.

R. DANIELL.—The words were by Klopstock. Meyerbeer arranged no fewer than seven of his cantatas in four-voice form.

JAMAICA.—Subscription received. We shall endeavour to arrange competition dates so as to suit our readers abroad. The duet you want is not known to us; perhaps some of our readers may be able to give "Jamaica" a reference to the music. The opening lines are—

The wind, the wandering wind
Of the golden summer eves.

B. HANN.—If you will reflect you will see that the course you propose to take is the likeliest one to defeat your object, which is also ours, although circumstances are adverse at present.

MOONLIGHT.—Verdi is not only living, but, as you will see from our "Foreign Notes," has almost completed a new work. Please give a fuller reference to the air named in your second question.

A. G. WOOD.—We are obliged for your letter and suggestions, which may be useful at a later date. We will not controversy you when you say the "Magazine is good enough for a palace."

COMPETITION VERSES.—For the information of several inquiring competitors we may say that the unsuccessful pieces are destroyed.

CONNOISSEUR.—Your suggestion to print the portraits separately from the music has been made by other readers. There are practical difficulties, but if we received any number of applications, we might arrange to supply the illustrations on a special paper for framing.

STUDENT.—The harmonies are correct. Carrodus is perhaps the most eminent English violinist. He is a pupil of Molique.

LAURA.—Do we intend to give lessons on the guitar? Not at present. You will see we are giving lessons on a nobler member of the stringed race.

ST. ALBANS.—We have no band parts for any of the music published in the Magazine.

CREMONA wishes to know whether the form of a violin has anything to do with the tone, and whether a square or oblong box could not be made to sound as well. When CREMONA reads a little about the history of the violin he will find that the form has everything to

do with the tone, and that it took several generations to evolve this form from boxes of all shapes.

UNSUITABLE.—A Musician's Reverie. Verses for music. Organ March in G. Rossini and the Priest. The Character of Beethoven. The Elfin Waltz.



In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition.

All pieces in Competition are to be fully stamped, and marked outside with the title of Competition, and name and address of Competitor. Address, EDITOR, Magazine of Music, 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

MUSICAL PLEBISCITE.—We went to press last month before an acknowledgment of the safe arrival of the Ascherberg piano could be received from the successful voter. We now give a reduced facsimile of Mr Cullen's letter. He has no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of the poll. We hope ere long to announce a similarly interesting scheme.

144 Mathew St.
Clayton
19 June 1885

Dear Sir,
I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of piano, and am thoroughly satisfied with its excellent construction and magnificent tone.
Sincerely Yours,
J. Cullen.
J. Cullen
Mag of Music

SONG.—A prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best setting of the verses "A Hey! for the North, and a Hey! for the South," printed in the June number. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor not later than August 5th. MS. should be sent flat, not rolled.

ROMANCE FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.—This Competition has not been taken up. We propose to extend the date until August 5th. The prize is Two Guineas.

STORY FOR CHILDREN'S COLUMN.—This Competition has illustrated the difficulty of producing good fiction suitable for children. The most meritorious piece is that entitled "A Musical Box," submitted by "Alastor," who is requested to send his or her address when the prize will be forwarded.

VOCAL WALTZ.—As this has proved a popular form of competition in the past we again offer a prize of Three Guineas for a Vocal Waltz, to be entitled, "Our Lady Supreme," with the words—

"Light to our sky as Aurora's fair beam,
Come and reign over the hearts you enslave,
Hearts that would die for you, Lady Supreme,
Daughter of Sea-Kings from over the wave."

A preference will be given to a composition either directly based upon Scandinavian airs, or expressing the spirit of northern music. Pieces to be lodged by 30th October. If none are held to be of sufficient merit the Competition will be kept open.

ILLUSTRATION OF A MUSICAL SUBJECT.—The prize has been awarded to Harry Erskine, 3 Somerville Place, Glasgow, for the design, "The Musician's Tale," which is reproduced in the Supplement of the present number.

A further prize of one guinea is offered for an "Illustration of a Musical Subject" with a motto from the poets. The sketch must be clearly drawn in pen and ink, full page size. No tints must be used. To be lodged by September 5, and if no design is of sufficient merit the competition will be kept open.

LETTER TO EDITOR.—This competition has failed to attract our young readers.

Dates and conditions of the following competitions will be announced later:—

Organ Voluntary.
Sacred Solo, with Harmonium Accompaniment.
Christmas Carol.
Anthem.

The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this Magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from Competitors. The Prizes are subject to be re-announced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.